Week ending May 23 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

THE MOST EXCITING NARRATIVE YET WRITTEN OF THE SUBMARINE WAR

UNBROKEN

by ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.

CORONATION BABY: A sparkling complete story by Geoff Lucy

GRANT'S

REGENCY

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Crisp nut kernels, crunchy cracknels, rich marzipans, golden caramels . . .

Smooth-as-silk montelimarts, velvety truffles, fruity creams . . .

Eleven different centres: one heavenly assortment!

Wonderful, *wonderful* chocolates . . . No wonder the little chap's all out to retrieve the family Fortune!

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F74

EDITORIAL

Road Nonsense

WHILE a man is driving a car or lorry along the road, the law says, fairly clearly, what he may and may not do. When he puts the brake on, all is confusion.

Our muddled, conflicting, silly and out-of-date road laws have grown up haphazardly. Says the Automobile Association: "We want to see new national rules."

Every time a car is left in the street, other than at an official parking place, the driver breaks the law. Every time it is left after dark anywhere on the highway without two white front lights and one red rear light, he is also breaking the law.

But, of course, millions of people do these things every day and night, and if they did not our traffic would be paralysed.

COLONEL HARRISON
How to save lives

Because the written law is so often meaningless and unworkable, it is left to the police to make rules.

FOR one street they may allow parking at night without lights. In the next they may allow it with single parking lights, showing white forward and red behind. In another they may be satisfied with hurricane lamps.

Or they may insist on full lighting according to the letter of the law. Even the constable on the beat may, for all practical purposes, vary the law.

But the local ruling may be changed without notice because a complaint has been made, forcing the police to abandon the sensible tolerance which they prefer to show.

As a body, they do their best in an "impossible" situation. But they are bound by some very silly rules. White reversing lights are often fitted—and a good idea they seem—but the law bans them. A constable who sees one in use must caution the driver.

Our laws, in fact, often cause danger instead of preventing it. Says Mr. E. Rees-Pryse, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents: "We welcome any moves which will make clear to all road-users what their rights and responsibilities are."

IT can be done. There is a new Bill to enforce double rear lights and reflectors, due to the initiative of Col. J. Harwood Harrison, M.P., who told the Commons: "I estimate this will avert two per cent of all accidents and save one hundred lives a year."

And the Transport Minister has made the sensible decision to legalize chromium number plates after a court ruling against them. This was typical of the nonsensical restrictions which should be swept away.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS MAYS'S four daughters often milked their father's cows when they lived during the war at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, so they have no fear of the neighbour's goat at their Buckingham home. The town children in the painting are not so confident, especially when given a bucket and asked to do the milking on the first morning of their country holiday. Judging by the disdainful look he has put in its eye, Mays's sympathy is for the goat.

fill up and feel the difference

Shell technical "know-how" has produced a superlative new petrol which gives the best possible all-round performance because it has every quality in correct balance. It is . . .

SHELL

the RIGHT PETROL at the RIGHT PRICE

PREMIUM

Good and Wet!

For shaving—the wetter the better. That is why Corvette contains a 'wetting agent' that makes water *wetter*. It does this by reducing its surface tension so that it penetrates to every separate hair of your stubble and clings closely to each bristle. You can use *less* Corvette and get *more* softening action. For a better shave use Corvette.

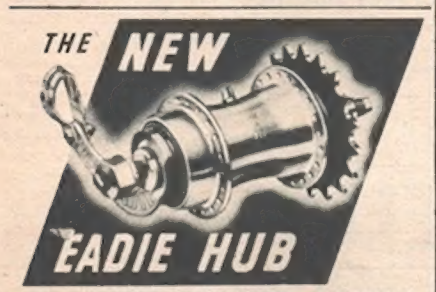
Lather or brushless cream, shaving stick, bowl, refills, after shave lotion, talc. 1/9 to 5/3. Made by Goya (Men's Division), 161 New Bond St. W.1

Corvette
shaves you better

Step out in a pair of Paton's Classic Laces—you'll soon know the difference these comfortable, attractive and long-wearing laces make . . . and, don't forget, there are Paton's laces for children too, just as wonderful!

Remember . . . always insist on

PATON'S Classic LACES
Wm. Paton Ltd. Johnstone Scotland



gives **MORE POWERFUL BRAKING** for bicycles and motorised bicycles.

Just a slight backward pressure on the pedals applies the powerful, progressive braking action of the new 'EADIE' Hub. You need this extra safety on your bicycle, or power-assisted bicycle.

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CYCLISTS! Cycling is easier and far more enjoyable with a B.S.A. 3-speed Hub. Fit one to your machine. Send a postcard for full details to B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., 74H Armoury Rd., Birmingham, 11

FREE SPEECH

Seeking the ideal family holiday

IN our family, holiday time usually brings squabbles over our destination for the season. This year, instead of leaving it to the last minute, I organized a household questionnaire.

We all wrote down our choice—with our reasons. The result doesn't seem to have helped much. My wife prefers a famous inland spa, because of the wonderful show of flowers in the gardens. My eldest daughter wants to clamber about the Lake District. My two sons agree that the seaside is best—but one wants the gay Continental atmosphere, while the other seeks sand, rocks and solitude in Britain. As for myself, I should be happy digging in my garden. It all makes me wonder what people seek in their holiday town—and how families ever agree.—N. W. B., Leicester.

Danger Signal

ON the boxes he uses for prescribed tablets, my chemist has now printed "To be placed out of reach of children." I feel this is an excellent idea, which should be widely adopted. —D. W., London, S.E.22.

Trade Secrets

HOW many wives really know what their husbands do for a living? I asked my neighbour what her husband's work was. "Oh, he's a process engraver," she replied. "Something to do with gravestones, I think." Another woman told me that her husband was a fitter at a factory. "What type of fitter?" I asked. "I don't know," she said. "He just fits nuts to bolts, I suppose." — MRS. E. H., Nechells, Birmingham, 7.

Process engraving is one of the steps in producing printing blocks from photographs.

Flags In The Way

AFTER a narrow escape from being run over, I noticed that the motorist concerned was flying three Union Jacks in front of his windscreen. Many drivers are displaying flags in this way during Coronation Year. But if they can't get a clear view of the road, isn't it an offence?—D. GREEN, Warrington, Lancashire.

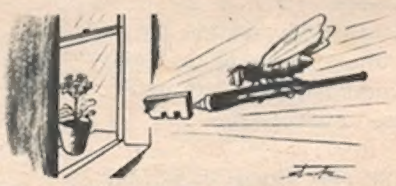
A policeman can report a driver whose view of the road is dangerously obstructed.

Sales Pow-wow

JOHN BULL'S cover showing the boy and his Red Indian head-dress (April 25) reminded me of an amusing episode. Some years ago we had a parrot with beautiful wing and tail feathers, which I collected at moulting time. One day I stuck some of these feathers into my hair as a family joke. Later, I called on a wholesale customer to demonstrate the vacuum cleaner I was selling. The buyer and her staff gave me close attention. When I had finished I asked her if she liked the machine. "Yes," she said, "but what are the wee feathers for?" She thought my Red Indian decorations—which I had forgotten—were a stunt to sell an American machine.—G. R. BENWELL, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Thwarted Bee-line

WHILE having lunch this week I was surprised by the antics of a bee. It made repeated attempts to get



through the closed window to a purple primula on the sill inside. Are bees guided by the colour of flowers, and not by the scent?—MRS. V. M. GRIMES, Beverley, Yorkshire.

"Bees aren't keen on primula," says the Bee Department of Rothamstead Research Station. "But they often try to fly through glass. Colour helps to guide a bee back to a clump of flowers it knows to be productive, although scent is important."

Scholar's Ticket

A FEW days after my son's fourteenth birthday, I discovered that he must pay adult fares on the railway. Now that the school-leaving age has been raised to fifteen, shouldn't the upper age limit for half-fare travel follow suit? — B. WARD, Thorpe House Rise, Sheffield, 8.

Children up to the age of sixteen can travel at half fare—if they are going to and from school. The same applies to students up to the age of eighteen who earn less than twenty-five shillings a week. If they earn more, they must pay two-thirds of the full fare.

Magic Cure

I HAVE a near relative who still believes that a bee-sting will cure rheumatism. A friend of mine prefers a "quack" to a medical specialist for treatment of a serious bodily disorder. Some years ago, my bald uncle grew a luxuriant crop of hair after recovering from a scalp wound—and there was an epidemic of self-inflicted head bangings among owners of shiny pates in the neighbourhood. Sometimes I feel compelled to ask, "Is there a witch-doctor in the house?" —WILL CLEMENCE, Wakefield Road, Gildersome, Leeds.

"Oddly enough, there is something in the bee-sting idea," says a doctor. "The sting sets up a counter-irritant to the pain of rheumatism, and relieves it for the time being."

Strange Customs

YOUR Editorial on the tough attitude of the Customs people (JOHN BULL, May 2) is only too true. My stepfather once had to enter a private room at Dover to be searched. The bulky parcel in his raincoat pocket turned out to be sandwiches for the voyage. The flustered Customs officer then pounced on a small object wrapped in tissue paper. It was a torch bulb.—G. T., Greville Street, London, W.C.1.

. . . I have always found these officials most polite. I list anything I have to declare, and once the officer on duty merely picked out a Swiss watch for payment, ignoring the other items on my list.—M. I., Glasgow.

. . . My neighbour and I both received American nylons as Christmas gifts during the war. My three pairs were wrapped in brown paper, and I had to pay nothing. Her single pair was in gift wrapping paper. She had to pay 11s. 9d. duty and inspection fee. — MRS. L. GUTHRIE, Leslie Avenue, Cleveleys, Blackpool.

Oasthouse Memory

YOUR cover for April 18 gave me great pleasure for, as a girl, I worked on the farm depicted by Ronald Lampitt. The cinema and shops—and the little church where I was married—were blitzed, and the church is still

in ruins. On a piece of wasteland nearby, two of the farm's fruit trees still bloom regularly every year.—MRS. R. FELL, Avenue Parade, Accrington, Lancashire.

The farm where Mrs. Fell worked existed near Ronald Lampitt's home in Sidcup, Kent, until twenty years ago, and he based his painting on his memories of the scene.

Barber's Knock

BARBERS seem to have a habit of depreciating their colleagues' work, for I have often been greeted with "Whoever cut your hair last time, sir?" Recently, at a large establishment, an assistant asked me this question, and proceeded to tell me how badly it had been done. After he had finished cutting my hair, I asked to see the manager. "Your assistant here tells me my hair was badly cut last time," I said. "Well, it was done in this shop." I got that haircut free, but I wonder if that barber is still 'knocking' other men's work. — P. PENSHURST, Edgware, Middlesex.

Beautiful Britain

OF course it was difficult for R. L. S. to answer the American's query on what to see in Britain ("Free Speech," May 2). A lifetime's holidays would still leave a lot unseen. For wild, natural scenery, I suggest North Wales, the Lake District, the

JOHN BULL'S MAGNIFICENT SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT OF AN HISTORIC OCCASION

The Splendour of the Coronation

IN EVERY COPY NEXT WEEK
Full details on page 9

Clevelands, the Yorkshire Dales and Moors, and Dartmoor. For gentler views—the Derbyshire Dales, Kent and Huntingdonshire. For history, Oxford and Cambridge are musts. Lincoln, York, Chester, Salisbury and Winchester will repay a visit.—A. J. J. MOULAM, Fallowfield, Manchester.

. . . For two months my wife and I have been living in North Wales. The magnificence of the countryside has amazed us. — JOHN CHARLES, Groeslon, Caernarvonshire.

. . . Nottingham is our most beautiful city—with the most beautiful girls.—ARTHUR HOUGHTON, Preston, Lancashire.

. . . For the most friendly people, go north. The most beautiful scenery is on the Cornish coast, in the Peak District and the Highlands of Scotland.—ALFRED THOMPSON, Welbeck Street, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.

SENSATIONAL NEW SERIAL

IN THE WET
by Nevil Shute

Begins in John Bull next week

See announcement on page 13

C.D. Stands By

MR. V. H. M., of Suffolk, who wrote on the use of the Civil Defence Corps in peacetime emergencies ("Free Speech," April 25), will be interested to hear that in Portsmouth we have such a scheme. It is known as "Operation Plane Crash," and the personnel are all volunteers from within the local C.D. corps.—T. H. KNIGHT, Rescue Section, Portsmouth Division C.D., Hampshire.

"Operation Plane Crash" was started in September, 1952, and comes into action at times of local disaster. Portsmouth offered the service's help at the Harrow rail accident in October.

Shilling-a-slide

DURING the Boy Scouts' recent bob-a-job week, my wife gave an enthusiastic youngster the job of polishing the hall lino. Not wishing to embarrass him, she kept out of sight while he was working. But she ventured a peep to see how he was getting

on. To her amusement he was putting his whole weight into the job, sitting on the polishing cloth and pushing himself along with his hands and feet.—J. NEVILLE, Kelvinside, Liverpool.

Fires Are Free

THE other day some property near where I live caught fire. I was going to call the fire brigade, but I was told I should have to foot the bill. Luckily the owner of the property was available, and he took the initiative. Who has to pay the cost?—MRS. M. B., Manchester.

The fire brigade's services are free, if the call is to a fire or a suspected fire. Some brigades charge for special services — such as pumping out flooded basements.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service, with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Who produced her quick-change act?

WHEN SHEILA first got up she felt quite 'down'. But she ate a hearty breakfast soon enough—*and* enjoyed it. Who changed her outlook from unsettled to fine? Mum did —with a little help from Andrews.

Mother is the family's minister of health. She won't have anyone 'under the weather'. If they're not up bright and early in the mornings she knows exactly how to stage a quick recovery. A glass of sparkling, inner-cleansing Andrews — that's all the prompting a sluggish system needs.

SCENE 1. *Mother's busy getting the breakfast. Don't feel a bit like eating this morning. Better tell her not to get me any. Good mind to go back to bed.*

SCENE 2. *What's happened to that girl this morning. She'll be late for the office just when she's getting on so well. Ah well, I know what* she *needs !*

SCENE 3. Happy ending. *Well, I really* did *enjoy that after all. Good old Mum ! She does know best and no mistake. Good old Andrews, too !*

Do you know about the four-fold action of Andrews? It settles your stomach, tones up your liver, freshens your mouth and gets your system working properly.

The benefits of Andrews are worth a lot to you and your family.

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT
¼ lb. tin 1/8d • ½ lb. tin 2/7d G64/g3/53

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Opportunities in New Zealand for British Ex-servicemen

★ Applications are invited for service in the ground trades of the Royal New Zealand Air Force from ex-R.A.F. and ex-F.A.A. personnel, single or married, between 21 and 40, and ex-Army and ex-Navy single personnel, between 21 and 30.

★ Pay for single men from £7.10.0 to £11.11.0 per week, plus free rations and quarters; and for married men from £10.10.0 to £13.2.6 per week. Free passages to New Zealand and excellent conditions of service.

To: The R.N.Z.A.F. H.Q. Adelphi Building, London, W.C.2.
Please send full information to:
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ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED?

If you're depressed, irritable, nervous and jumpy, it means your body needs more Vitamin B, the nerve-builder, on which your whole nervous system depends. If your food contains too little Vitamin B, your nerves will go to pieces. Increase the supply, and you will soon feel restored and re-invigorated. You won't worry so much, won't be so easily irritated or depressed.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast Tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins, and you'll be amazed what difference this will make to your whole well-being. Your digestion will improve; you'll lose your headaches and feel brighter and fitter in every way.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact; it contains no drugs or harmful ingredients and it is bound to do you good. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists 1/6, 3/6 *and* 5/9

. . say Bulmer's for cider

Superior quality . . .
Perfect blending . . .
Real value . . . make
BULMER'S the
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H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD.,
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—or a kicker-open of doors?

Then you need either new paint or better paint —which means SHERWOODS HIGH-GLOSS.

It's delightful to use — and dries really hard with a mirror-gloss finish overnight. 32 beautiful colours* all ready for interior and exterior use

YOUR HUSBAND'S A SWEEP?

You can scrub your walls too!

Yes, *scrub* them clean! Use SHERWOODS VELVETTE, the amazing new emulsion wall finish. Even easier to use than distemper—dries matt in an hour

Also: SUNRAY Oil-bound Washable Distemper, STREAMLINE Enamel Lacquer, Varnishes, Stains, Primers, etc.

* SEE COLOUR CARDS at your local Sherwoods stockists, who will gladly answer your queries about Sherwoods various paints... there's one for every purpose

SHERWOODS

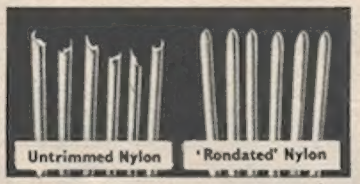
PAINTS LIMITED · BARKING · ESSEX

At last! A toothbrush that does a DOUBLE duty . . . gives you white teeth & healthy gums

MEET THE NEW
HALEX
DOUBLE-DUTY

It's just what the dentists —11,000 of them—ordered! The straight trim, sensible handle and short head were tested by 11,000 dentists. See the staggered formation of the unique square tufts for gentle firmness, long life and thorough rinsing at the roots.

Halex Double-Duty leaves no tooth uncleaned. See how the fine drawn filaments of the Halex Double-Duty reach in to chase away the very causes of decay — and how they gently massage your gums at the danger line to keep them firm and well.



Extra strands show extra need for the toothbrush that's 'Rondated' Halex Double-Duty has twice the filaments of an ordinary brush. But that is not enough: in the Halex Double-Duty the strands are 'Rondated' — safe and comfortable for even the tenderest gums. You will *enjoy* using this!

— the Toothbrush of the Century — dentist-designed with a double quantity of gossamer-fine nylon filaments both to search every nook and cranny, and safely massage and stimulate your gums.

"MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE," *says this famous model,* "SO I CHOOSE THIS BRUSH TO SAFEGUARD MY SMILE."

Pat Goddard has smiled at you from a hundred newspapers and magazines. "It's Halex Double-Duty for me every morning, every night," she says. "My dentist told me, and the clean feeling after I've brushed tells me he is right".

Halex

DOUBLE-DUTY

PRICE 2/-

—the toothbrush for healthy teeth and gums

Alone or in a crowd, wherever you go, whatever you do, take a Hohner, the harmonica of the stars. Easy to learn with the *free* 5-minute tutor leaflet. From all music dealers.

It's fun to own a

HOHNER

HARMONICAS & ACCORDIONS
The world's best

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

As the folboat came up, we saw an unknown man behind Peter Churchill. But there was no time for questions. Dawn was near; we had to get away

UNBROKEN (2) *by Lieutenant-Commander ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.*

We sail for France with spies aboard

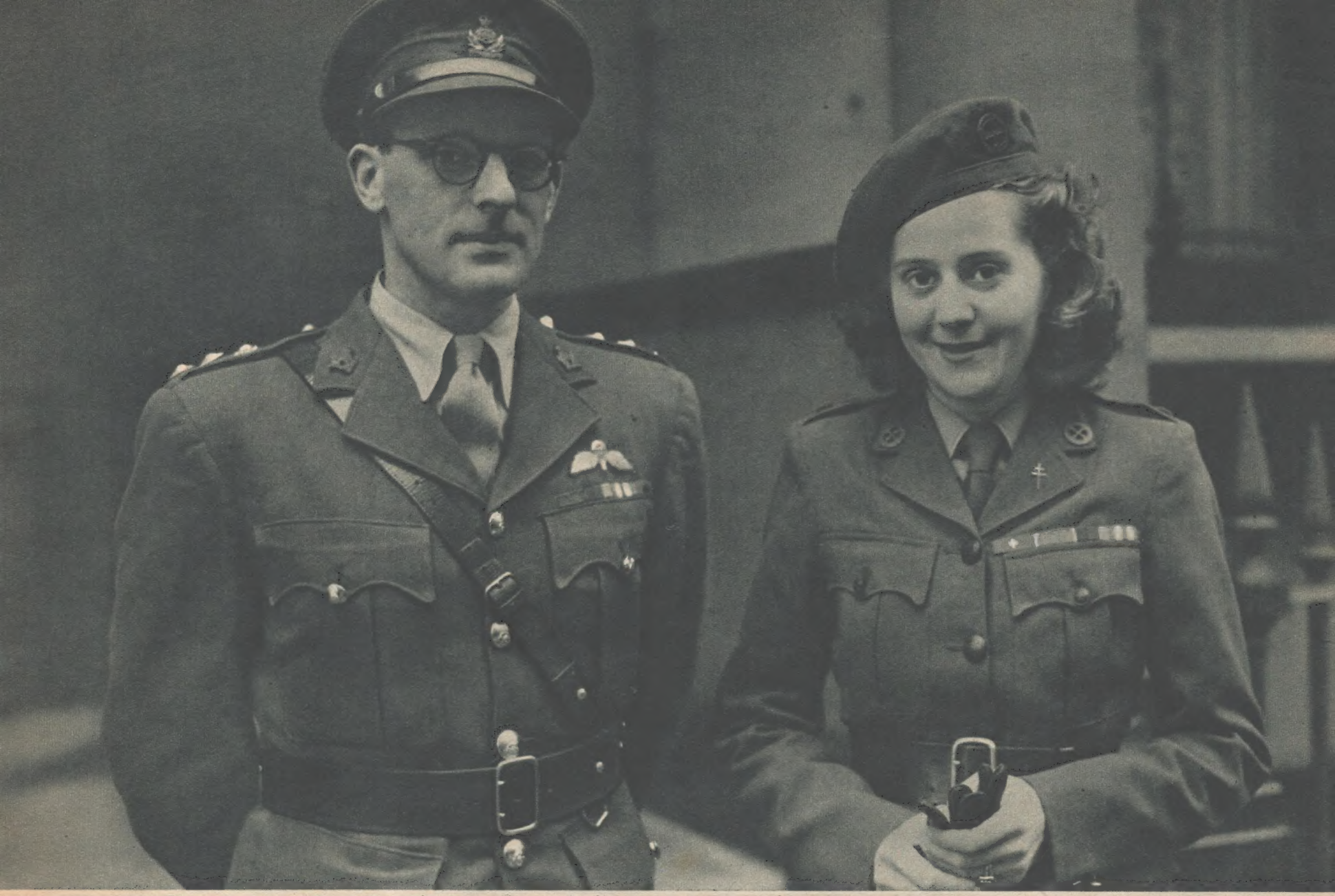
IN THE GATHERING DUSK of a night in April, 1942, we slipped quietly out of Gibraltar. Once out of sight of prying eyes ashore, I altered course east-north-east and entered the Mediterranean on my first patrol as a submarine commander. It was quite dark now, and we remained surfaced. I told Paul Thirsk, the navigator, to set Unbroken on a zigzag course to pass west of Majorca and into the Gulf of Lions, and stayed a while on the bridge before handing over to Taylor, my Number One.

The night was cool and quiet, its flat blackness broken only by the dull glow of a small fire on the Spanish mainland. We might have been on a routine exercise in peacetime, for

Silently, we slid through the night towards the entrance of the bay. Below, secret agent Peter Churchill and his band of saboteurs were all set to land. Then, to my horror, I saw that the entire bay was ablaze with twinkling lights

in the tranquil darkness it was difficult to realize that in a week's time we would be nosing into the hostile waters of Antibes Bay, on the coast of Vichy France, to land saboteurs and spies. I did not envy our passengers their task, for though success might mean transient glory, failure meant the rubber truncheon and a firing squad. For us, death would be relatively clean. Why, I wondered, do people volunteer for such jobs?

I went below to take a closer look at them. Defying all known laws, the five agents had squeezed themselves into the narrow wardroom together with Thirsk and John Haig Haddow, the armament officer. Captain Peter Churchill, quiet, dark and looking not at all



Secret agent Peter Churchill, leader of the saboteurs Mars landed in France, with his wife Odette, G.C., who served under him in the French Resistance

like a secret-agent hero of schoolboy fiction, greeted me with a winning smile. "The gallant gentlemen are rather nervous," he said.

"I don't blame 'em," I replied. "If I was going to paddle ashore at Antibes I'd be nervous, too. Terrified, in fact."

Churchill laughed. "They're not worrying about that. It's this submarine of yours. They don't like the idea of diving and surfacing. I've assured them there's hardly any sense of movement, but they don't seem very comforted. However, let me introduce you."

Tot Of Rum Worked Wonders

I shook hands first with Jean, a silent Breton of doleful countenance who spoke no English, and whose conversation in French was mainly confined to requests about eating, sleeping and smoking. During the voyage we were able to satisfy his needs so far as eating and sleeping were concerned—he did little else, in fact—but he was most upset when we told him he simply could not smoke every time the fancy took him. "Self control!" Haddow would cry, but the Breton merely curled his lips and looked more woebegone than ever. On such occasions a tot of rum worked wonders.

The second desperado was Léon, a tall, sharp-eyed Englishman who looked Spanish and spoke perfect French. The third was Bill, also English, and also bi-lingual; a short, cheerful little man. The fourth member of the party must have been a very good agent indeed, for I cannot remember a single thing about him.

Not that there was much to be remembered of the others, either, for they disclosed little about themselves—a tribute, no doubt, to their excellent training—and we considered it wiser not to ask questions. Consequently, our chatter was confined to amiable talk, punctuated by anecdotes from Peter Churchill. He was a great raconteur and spent most of the voyage taking our minds from our duties with an endless flow of stories.

To break the dull sameness of the days, and to keep the crew up to scratch, I gave them plenty of exercises—dummy attacks, gun-drill, rehearsals in damage control, and change-round positions in which everyone learned to do everyone else's job. Our passengers thought it all highly amusing—until I exercised emergency increases in depth without warning them to hold on to their stomachs.

One morning I spotted Bill banging the sides of his hands furiously against the control-room ladder. "What on earth is that for?" I asked.

He held out both hands. "Feel," he invited. I did so. From the outsides of his little fingers to the wrists the skin was as hard and horny as tough leather. "Banging them helps to harden them," said Bill. With one hand he cut the air in a short, sharp arc. "The Judo chop," he explained. "You can kill a man that way." He grinned and returned to his banging.

Looked Like A Spanish Grandee

By this time beards were beginning to sprout, including a delicate golden glow on the chin of Haig Haddow, and a remarkable growth on the thin Irish face of Chief Engine-room Artificer Leslie Manuel—a sharply pointed affair with fierce moustaches which gave him the appearance of a disreputable Spanish grandee who had known better days. As there was only one tiny wash basin for the ratings, a second for the chief and petty officers, and a third for the ward-room, it can be understood why so many submariners grew beards: it took long enough queueing to wash and clean your teeth, let alone shave.

Since I did not favour a beard myself, and was fussy about regular shaving, my smooth cheeks, coupled with my rather elaborate kapok jacket, earned me a slanderous nickname among the sailors, which I overheard only by chance —"Pansy." It was also by chance that I overheard the nickname the crew had given Haddow. Capitalizing on his tall, thin frame they called him "Dip Rod." For a reason I could never make out, they dubbed Taylor "Boogly-Woogly," but Thirsk as navigator was simply "Navvy," or "Pilot."

The Spies Retired Seasick

We made our way to the Gulf of Valencia. Here we were greeted by half a gale, and as Unbroken rolled like a drunken porpoise, our passengers turned green and took to their bunks. Apart from the mess and their personal discomfort, this caused Churchill and myself no little worry, for they needed to be at the peak of condition when they were landed. Churchill fluttered round them like a clucking hen. To make matters worse, the heavy seas were slowing us down, and we were in danger of being late for the rendezvous with the agents ashore. Our orders allowed for one postponement of twenty-four hours, but only one.

At noon on April 19 I peered through the attack periscope into the semi-circle of Antibes Bay. It is a little bay, for the rocks flanking it lie only half a mile apart, and the town of Antibes hiding in the northern corner gives the overall scene the effect of having been constructed solely for the picture postcard trade. A light breeze stirred the gentlest of ripples on the placid blue water, and there was not even

Alastair Mars on the bridge of Unbroken on Mediterranean patrol, 1942. He was then twenty-six

a rowing boat in sight to cause me alarm. It appeared that Peter Churchill had been right when he promised that there would be no fishing boats about. Satisfied, I ordered courses that took us in a large, slow circle, and summoned my officers to join Churchill and myself in the wardroom. Briefly I outlined my plan.

"Tonight we'll approach the bay from eastward and creep in to within seven hundred yards of the spot where Churchill wants to land. This cuts to the minimum the distance he has to travel. His job is a tricky one, and since his pals know nothing about folboats they'll be a dead weight on his hands. For our part, we have no navigational aids, such as small lighthouses, to guide us. We'll choose some handy rocks on the chart, and guide ourselves in by getting asdic ranges and bearings from them. All right so far?" They nodded.

Final Orders Before Landing

"Good. Thirsk, you will steer her in from below, acting on Cryer's asdic bearings. I'll keep a visual look-out on the bridge. Haddow will be with me as officer of the watch. Taylor, you will be on the casing to supervise the embarkation. Lee, the torpedo gunner's mate, will be responsible for getting the folboats in and out of the forrard hatch, and he'll also be responsible for shutting the hatch in a hurry if the need arises. In the position I've chosen, we'll be only four hundred yards from the nearest rocks, but I'm taking the chance that no one will be standing there with binoculars at one in the morning. Since we'll be end-on to the shore and trimmed down, I don't think we can be seen without binoculars. Any questions?"

There was none. "The plan is," I continued, "that Churchill will go ashore in one of the folboats and make contact with his pals there. By the time he returns we'll have his two desperadoes waiting in the second folboat. Off they go together, Churchill will guide his friends to the agents ashore, then return to the submarine towing the second folboat behind him. Churchill will then make one more trip to take ashore the remainder of the equipment. That's all there is to it."

Surfaced In A Thunderstorm

At sunset the mistral swept down the valley of the Var from the Alps, the sky lowered and rain squalls lashed the sea. This was not going to help the launching of the folboats. Nonetheless, we would have to take a chance and, with a melodramatic accompaniment of thunder claps and the flashing of vivid blue lightning, we surfaced.

As we closed Antibes, I stood on the bridge with Haddow and Churchill. The rain poured down. It was eleven o'clock. The operation was due to start at midnight. As the minutes crawled past we stood in gloomy silence, until Haddow remarked: "I think it's easing up, sir."

"I doubt it," I said, and tried to stamp the water from my shoes. But Haddow was right. As suddenly as it had started the squall died away, the wind dropped and the night was clear again.

"Thank goodness for that," said Churchill.

"Yes," I replied dully.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic," he complained.

"I'm not. Look." I pointed into the darkness. On the port beam was the unmistakable silhouette of a darkened boat. "I don't want

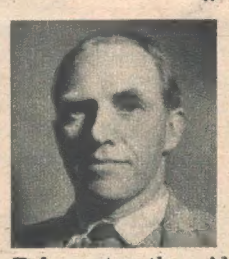
Continued on page 33

The splendour of the CORONATION

BRITAIN'S FINEST ARTISTS COMBINE TO CREATE NEXT WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT ROYAL SOUVENIR

THE greatest Coronation Supplement ever to be produced in colour has been created for JOHN BULL by a team of Britain's finest artists. It will be a preview of the great occasion, and a souvenir of Royal pageantry which every reader will treasure. In its centre is a magnificent painting by the famous illustrator K. J. Petts, depicting the scene in Westminster Abbey as the Archbishop of Canterbury places the Crown on the Queen's head. Here, in authentic detail and rich colour, is a memorable work of art.

★ ★ ★



OF especial interest for those who listen to the Coronation by radio or watch it on TV will be Ronald Lampitt's supplement painting of the route to be covered by the Queen during her drive from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey and back to the Palace. Lampitt is recognized as the outstanding master of intricate pictures, and to create this superb painting of the entire Coronation scene he walked over every yard of the route, making sketches which he used with aerial photographs and models of the Coronation decorations for reference.

★ ★ ★

A FURTHER preview of the great day will be provided by Frederick Laurent's cover painting for next week's issue. It shows the scene after the Coronation ceremony, as the Queen is escorted down the nave of the Abbey by the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of Durham, with her Maids of Honour in attendance.

Fascinating behind-the-scenes details of a Coronation are given in a unique article written for this souvenir supplement by the Hon. Montague Robert Vere Eliot, who was a Page of Honour to King George VI at the 1937 Coronation; and W. E. Armstrong has written a frank profile of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who will conduct the ceremony.

There is certain to be a bigger-than-ever demand for this outstanding Royal souvenir. To be sure of securing it, every reader should place an order now.

INSIDE EVERY COPY OF NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HIS EXCELLENCY'S WIFE

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Chafik did not trust her. A cunning hand was behind this treachery —a hand that frustrated every move he made. And it could be hers

INSPECTOR CHAFIK OF THE Iraqi police climbed the wall and dropped into the grounds of the big estate on the outskirts of Baghdad. He adjusted his polka-dotted tie, brushed his white linen suit, and went over in his mind the instructions that commanded him to attend a high officer of state at midnight.

A bizarre meeting, the little man said to himself, but we live in bizarre times. Furthermore, one does not refuse the minister.

He found a path and walked briskly. A warm breeze caressed him. There was perfume, and he looked down and saw in the starlight the gay carpet of tamarisk blossoms spread by the bending trees. Nearby, he heard the river whisper among the reeds. The look on his thin face softened; he stopped and turned aside from duty to embrace peace.

Something flicked by him with the speed of a serpent's tongue. There was a thud, a vibrating sound. A knife quivered in a nearby tree; it had passed within inches of him. Between the columns of the date palms, a shadow moved and vanished. Chafik shrugged and returned the gun he had drawn to the holster under his armpit.

He plucked the knife from the tree. The blade was beautifully balanced, and when he slipped the knife up his sleeve to carry it, it nestled against his arm cold and deadly like a viper.

Chafik was more concerned that he might be late than that he had been attacked, and he murmured thankfully when he reached the end of the path and saw the house, majestic as a palace. He crossed the wide lawn and tapped on an open french window.

A man's voice challenged him. He said, "Excellency!" and entered a darkened room. Curtains rustled as they were drawn behind him, and he was blinded as the lights came on. He said, "Excellency!" again and performed the full ritual of salaam hand to head.

The minister said, "So you didn't think my note someone's jest."

"I compared it with a specimen of your handwriting, sir."

They were very much alike, the officer of state and the police inspector—small men, deceptively delicate in build.

Chafik went on: "I am here secretly, as commanded, Excellency, and I am mystified that one so unimportant——"

"You are incorruptible, and that makes you important." The minister charmed his visitor with a smile and went to a desk, which filled one end of the room. Strangely, it did not dwarf him. He said, "I sent for you unofficially because of the gravity of the situation."

Chafik said, "Yes, there are signs of a *coup d'état*—a grab for power."

The minister frowned. "What makes you think so?"

"Excellency, please think of police as keepers of a temperamental lion—the people. When they are prodded with an experimental finger, there is an unsheathing of claws, a growl. They sleep again—but they might leap next time."

"Whose is the finger that prods?"

"I do not inquire. I am a policeman, and political matters belong to security intelligence. The chief of this department is Colonel Rassam."

CHAFIK wished the floor would open under his chair: he had lectured the minister. In his discomfort, he began to quote from the store of records in his mind—an old habit when he was overwrought.

"Rassam," he murmured softly to himself. "Age, sixty-three. Profession, military. Security intelligence chief since 1949. Manner brusque. Friends, few. Wife died in 1928. No children. He——"

"I've already told Colonel Rassam you are to work with him," the minister said shortly.

"Excellency?"

"Your department is criminal investigation. Conspiracy is criminal." The minister hesitated and then went on, "I have not informed your director. This is between us, over my desk."

He gestured, and his elbow touched a photograph in a heavy silver frame, which fell to the floor. Chafik hastened to pick it up and saw that it was a picture of a very beautiful woman of great family whom the minister had recently married. The inspector replaced the photograph awkwardly. He had forgotten the assassin's knife hidden in his sleeve, and it slipped and clattered on the rosewood surface of the desk.

"Did you plan to kill me?" the minister asked coolly. He made a rapid movement and pointed a small black gun at the inspector.

THE inspector told him about the knife thrown at him in the garden, and the minister put the gun away.

"You kept to yourself what I wrote?" he asked. "You did not confide it to anyone?"

"Not even to Abdullah," said the inspector, naming the sergeant who had been his right-hand man for years.

"And I spoke only to Colonel Rassam," the minister said. "My note was sent by someone as trustworthy as your Abdullah." He shrugged. "An incident of no import, in any case. The attack was possibly intended for me; we are alike in build." He stood up. "You may communicate with me through Rassam. You are to consult him about everything, even if you plan arrests. Do not come to me—never—unless it is a matter as confidential as your prayers to God." He came from behind the desk and touched the lapel of Chafik's jacket. "It needs a ribbon," he said, smiling. "An order, perhaps the Rafidain."

The inspector salaamed twice as he went out through the french windows. He paused a moment in reflection. He thought of his wife, Leila, and of his small son, Faisal, and how proud they would be if he won a decoration.

There was a sound from the room behind him and he drew back into the shadows, almost instinctively. He looked back into the room and saw a woman enter. The silver-framed photograph, he thought, must have been taken by an Englishman—it was an understatement.

Her voice was clear in the still of the night. "You had a visitor?" asked the minister's wife. "I thought I heard Kadari talking."

"No. No one was here, Nazmi," lied the minister, and he bowed over her hand.

Chafik went away, not by the path but by a new route, muttering to himself, "Kadari, Mohammed. Age, thirty. Profession, military. Rank, captain. Recently appointed aide-de-camp to Colonel Rassam. Handsome. Popular with women."

He climbed the wall and walked along the boulevard. His car was hidden behind a hedge.

As he drove away, he tried not to think of the order, to concentrate on the assignment, but

Chafik drew back into the shadows. "I thought I heard Kadari talking," he heard the woman say. "No," lied her husband. "No one was here"

Mingling with the crowd, Chafik watched Kadari and the minister's wife. Unknown to him, someone was watching all three of them, with binoculars

he found he was calculating whether it would be the Rafidain of the second or third Class.

In the driving mirror he saw lights, suddenly switched off. A rushing sound, and another car was alongside his. Flame rippled, yellow turning to red. Bullets hammered, a tyre was hit, and exploded. He steered to the shoulder of the road and stopped. "God," he announced, "favours me for an unfathomable reason. I am not a good man yet twice this night I have escaped death. How very extraordinary!"

NEXT morning he went to see Colonel Rassam. The colonel was tall and thin, and his lined face was yellowed by malaria. He had a brushed-up white moustache and cold eyes.

This man was responsible for the internal security of the country. He could, in an emergency, direct the military and police to crush rebellion, but his normal duty was to report on political trends, to recommend arrests and deportations. Rassam had given Iraq stability in the unsettled world of the Middle East and was a hero to the people; only the king and cabinet could dismiss him.

"I do not criticize the minister," he said, "but I consider it premature to bring you police into this."

"There is no immediate danger of a *coup d'état*?"

"None. This is merely a test. If they who conspire find the State too strong, they will not risk it. And I make the State strong!" Rassam added grimly.

His eyes were no longer cold as he looked from his high window over the city and the land. This man is a fanatic, Chafik thought. He asked: "Whom do you suspect?"

"Conspirators stay in the shadows," Rassam said.

Chafik nodded. "Nevertheless, there are people to watch. I have records. I keep them here." He touched his head. "Too dangerous to write them down. Shall we compare notes?"

"It is the minister's wish," Rassam said.

The policeman talked, and the intelligence chief listened, at first merely politely, then attentively. "I have underrated you," he said. "You have an excellent spy system."

"My eyes and ears go everywhere like cockroaches."

"I, too, have cockroaches," Rassam said with a thin smile. "They talk with cultured voices and scavenge at the tables of the great."

There was a light knock on the door, which then opened silently as if it had been ajar.

The man who entered had wide shoulders, narrow hips, and wore a uniform cut by a master tailor. "Sir, I thought you were alone. Excuse me. I will wait."

Rassam said: "Inspector, this is Captain Kadari, of my staff. You know who this is, Kadari."

The captain salaamed to Chafik. "I am honoured. Your name is so well known." He bowed himself out.

"So," Chafik said. "I meet one of your cockroaches." He looked thoughtfully at his signet ring and said softly: "Kadari of Intelligence—second cousin of Nazmi, wife of——" He heard himself and was confused.

Rassam said severely: "It is not discreet to mention the minister's wife."

"Your reprimand is just. My tongue is a prattling child."

The inspector stood and commenced the ceremony of departure; then a thought stopped him, and he asked: "Your cockroach, did he know about my visit to the minister?"

"I do not gossip."

"A thousand apologies! I only meant that as he is a cousin of——"

RASSAM interrupted. "Add to your dossier on Kadari that he is a young man of family and that his appointment was made by influence. But be assured," he went on, "if my new cockroach displeases me, I have a heel."

Chafik completed his departure, and when he was in the corridor he hesitated and almost went back; he had not told Colonel Rassam of the two attempts to kill him the previous night. And then he thought: it may not have anything to do with the case. A policeman is never loved, and there are many common

Continued on page 28

Howzatt! Evans catches Barnes out for sixty-one during the 1948 Tests—one of the 595 wickets he has "taken"

With his wife and son, Evans examines a miniature cricket bat autographed by the 1948 Australian Test team. He is as quiet at home as he is ebullient on the field

Godfrey Evans puts laughter into the Tests

by WILFRED GREATOREX

Cricket has never known anybody like him. Acrobat and exuberant clown, he upsets the diehards—to make the game an entertainment

DENIS COMPTON WAS GOING SLOW. His county, Middlesex, were in a tight spot against Kent on that August afternoon in 1947. To win, Middlesex had to get 397 runs in just over four hours, and already four men had been lost for 153 runs. Compton let one ball go by, blocked the next, and showed no scoring intention towards the third. This restraint was too much for the wicket-keeper behind him, who exclaimed in mock exasperation, "What's wrong? Why don't you hit 'em?"

Compton turned to his opponent, a thickset, bronzed leatherneck named Godfrey Evans, and replied that he would do so if the Kent captain would set an attacking field. Evans snorted. "You're a great batsman," he said flatteringly, waving a gloved hand. "*You* can get through this field." Compton, however, continued to block or ignore each ball, and Evans kept up his commentary between each delivery.

"After twenty minutes," recalls Compton, "I'd had enough. I went for the bowling." The game lost its torpor and became a thriller. Compton scored 168 and Middlesex got near their target, but with five minutes to go the last wicket fell. Kent—and Evans—had won.

As wicket-keeper and forcing batsman for his county and England, Thomas Godfrey Evans more usually enlivens the cricket scene by direct action rather than persuasion. An energetic, spring-heeled lionheart of thirty-two who cannot abide dull play, he combines clowning, showmanship and skill in the cause of brighter cricket.

Today, regarded by many pavilion experts as the best wicket-keeper in the world, he is a prolific run-getter and an almost automatic choice for the Test team. Nobody quite like Evans has been seen on the playing fields of England. He throws himself about like an acrobat, winks at batsmen he has just stumped or caught out, and likes to hurl the ball, with a warning yell, at some dozing fieldsman.

"Godfrey is worth his weight in gold to any side for his spirit alone," says Leslie Ames, his predecessor as England's long-term stumper, and now a Test selector. "To a touring party he must be beyond value."

Just before the England team landed in Australia for the 1950-51 Test series, a fancy-dress contest was organized in the liner's ballroom. During the show, the ship's orchestra struck up a South American rhythm and a gaily dressed figure appeared on the companionway. "It looked like Carmen Miranda," says one onlooker, "but then we saw it was Godfrey; he couldn't hide those hairy forearms." Hips swaying, Evans moved among the tables and won first prize. Beforehand, he had spent an hour briefing the orchestra.

It was in this spirit of light-hearted efficiency that Evans tried to stump an opponent at Canterbury last summer. Twice the batsman missed balls from Doug. Wright, the Kent and England bowler, but stayed safely in his crease giving Evans no chance to stump him. As the third ball came down, Evans hugged the wicket. The crowd tensed. Again Wright beat his man, but once more the player did not move forward. Evans, fooling, thereupon gave the batsman a push in the back to remove him over the safety line. "Even the umpires laughed," says a Kent player.

On another occasion, during a dull spell in a

charity game, Evans discarded his pads and went on to bowl. This amused the crowd so much that they overlooked the fact that the batsman failed to score off him—a feat it is customary to applaud. "Godfrey noted the omission," recalls a team-mate, "and began to clap himself. Everybody caught on and gave him a cheer."

Evans's clowning derives from his philosophy, more often set forth in performance than words, that sport is a branch of entertainment. "It's my job to entertain," he says disarmingly. "Some cricketers take things too solemnly."

At times his personality wears down even his best friends. One, a former professional cricketer called Alec Mackenzie, remembers when he batted against Evans in a local fixture. "Godfrey was talking away as usual," he recalls. "It doesn't worry some batsmen, but it was getting me down. I had to tell him to shut up."

Plays Gaily—But To Win

For all his gay exuberance, Evans plays to win with sometimes disturbing thoroughness. "He will go halfway to the pavilion to greet an incoming opponent," says one player. "But after that the batsman is a fool if he doesn't realize it's total war." By the start of this season, Godfrey Evans had taken 595 wickets—by catchings and stumpings—in Tests and county games. Playing against New Zealand, he had nine victims in one match. Since the war he has played for England in forty-four Tests, home and abroad, against Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa and the West Indies. In the 1949 season, as well as getting eighty-one batsmen out, he scored 1,090 runs.

Among cricketers, Evans has a reputation as a super-optimist. "If Australia scored 700 he would be sure we could get 701," says one. When England had five wickets down for only eighty-eight against Australia at Old Trafford in 1948, Evans went in and casually hit a century. Even in a crisis such as this he seems above all else to enjoy himself. "He always looks as if he couldn't care less," says Wright. "It can be somewhat misleading."

During one Test match in Australia, when England's only hope was to draw by delaying the Australian innings, Evans was sent out to hold one end for as long as possible. He stayed ninety-five minutes without scoring, and thereby created a new record. "It was a job quite foreign to his nature," declares Denis Compton, his partner on that occasion. "How he curbed himself I don't know."

He Outruns His Partners

His staying powers are already a legend. After a sweltering day in the field against South Africa at Johannesburg, the England players, with the exception of Evans, went to bed. "Godfrey went to a swimming party," says one player. "There he was doing handstands round the pool." On another occasion, Evans *ran* a six with Brian Close, of Yorkshire: he frequently scampers alongside his batting partner, having got one run ahead.

Leslie Ames tells of one day when Kent had fielded through a heatwave at Bristol. "We trooped off at the end feeling worn out. Then I saw Godfrey, padded up, but running off the field. He was first into the shower, first to get dressed, and then he went off to play golf till ten o'clock."

In the pavilion, Evans is usually subdued. While waiting his turn to bat, or between showers, he often lies full length on the massage table and goes to sleep. "He can sleep under any conditions," says Wright enviously. For a train journey across Australia, Wright had the bunk above Evans, who went to sleep at eight o'clock and did not awaken until nine the next morning. "On later trips," says Wright, "I asked if he minded my

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IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

NEXT WEEK, JOHN BULL begins publication of the novel that all Britain is talking about. It is Nevil Shute's sensational IN THE WET—and it is a fascinating piece of work.

The story is completely different from anything this famous author has ever written. Beginning dramatically in a Queensland flood today, it becomes a vision of the future—peculiarly significant in Coronation year. The time is 1983, the main characters "Nigger" Anderson, an Australian pilot of the Queen's Flight, and Rosemary Long, a secretary at Buckingham Palace.

"Nigger" and Rosemary's story is as warm and human as any of the great romances to come from Nevil Shute's pen. But beyond the intimate affairs of the couple, great events are shaping—affairs in which they are vitally involved. Affairs in which our children may be vitally involved. . . .

Not everyone will agree with Nevil Shute's prediction of our destiny thirty years hence. Some may question his dramatic presentation. "It is not usual to introduce members of the Royal Family into novels," says one reviewer. And another protests that Nevil Shute has "gone too far."

But few can resist the flow of his narrative, the great charm of his writing about "ordinary people," the sheer excitement of the action. One Sunday newspaper has this to say of it: "IN THE WET is outstanding. It is vigorous, exciting, colourful and thought-provoking."

The first long instalment of IN THE WET, illustrated in full colour by Henry Seabright, appears IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

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It was all up now with the men inside Radio House. "The fools!" Anna moaned. "The poor, mad fools!" The next moment the tank opened fire

The Maras Affair

by ELIOT REED

Burton had the biggest story of his life, but he couldn't tell it. That dreadful night, he and Anna could only watch and wait

A PIERCING SCREAM rang through the crowded opera house. Charles Burton, of the London *Star-Dispatch,* was sitting with his secretary, Anna Maras, in the stalls. Instinctively they looked up at the State Box, where old President Riecke sat with his entourage. . . .

All along Burton had felt that a big story was going to break in this fear-ridden Iron Curtain capital. That was why he had endured so much interference from the censorship and Commissioner Sesnik's secret police; that, and his desire to help Anna. She was in danger: she knew too many people in the underground movement against the régime. He wanted to get her out of the country before it was too late.

Anna had refused to go. She said she could not leave her father, Dr. Anton Maras, now old and ailing, and her friend Babette Trepleva, of the State Ballet. She urged Burton to keep out of their troubles for their sake and his own.

But Burton's mind was made up. He was under suspicion himself. Sesnik had questioned him about the disappearance of a journalist named Trovic whom Burton had employed. And there had been the so-called "suicide" of Sokolny, his assistant. Sokolny had apparently known something about Trovic. Trovic, Trovic —wherever Burton went, people stiffened nervously at the name. . . .

It was Sokolny who had put Burton in touch with an escape organization, run by a photographer named Settembrini. He had done it by asking Burton to take his watch as a token to a watchmaker called Dovinye, who had since been arrested. Settembrini was planning a daring mass escape from the country. Burton meant to see that Anna was in the escape party—by using force if necessary. It was to take place during the annual pilgrimage to the frontier village of Ranawitz, if all went well.

If all went well. . . . But now, at the opera, Burton realized, in a flash, that all could not be well. As the scream rang out and all eyes turned to the President's box, there was an explosion. Trovic—Burton recognized him at once —had thrown a bomb into the State Box. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

PART 3

Panic At The Opera

BURTON was forced into the aisle by the rush towards the exits, but managed to keep his hold on Anna. For a moment they were borne along, helpless against the pressure; then he pushed the girl between two rows of deserted seats and waited with her. Others, scattered in twos and threes over the floor of the house, had

Continued on page 24

Hollywood grapples with Stewart Granger

by ALAN PRICE

His aggressive enthusiasm for film-making keeps him at the top. But he's rude enough to make even his friends think he's a sourpuss. Except Jean Simmons. "*I* understand him," she says

Granger with Jean Simmons in their Hollywood home. Between them, the puppy he wouldn't let her have until she learned to run a home

MEL FERRER AND Stewart Granger were recently rehearsing a duel scene for the film *Scaramouche* when the call went up for lunch. Ferrer went to change, but Granger insisted on staying in tights. "What do I need that for?" he snapped at an attendant who offered him a dressing-gown. "They're going to see me in tights on the screen, and I'm warm enough as I am." His entrance into the studio canteen created a minor sensation, even among the blasé film folk. "Why does Granger do these things?" whispered a timid executive. "His rudeness puts everyone's back up."

At thirty-nine, Granger stands six foot three and weighs fourteen stone. His hair is receding a little and going grey at the temples. Since his impact on Hollywood two years ago, he has collected more unfavourable publicity than any other star. "One of the worst unofficial ambassadors for Britain ever to cross the Atlantic," wrote one columnist. Another declared: "Granger is beginning to grate, and without the saving favour of success."

Popular In The Studios

But there is an equally strong pro-Granger school. Wendy Adshead, who was his secretary before he left Britain, says: "I liked him because you knew where you were with him." She herself stayed five years and never thought of leaving him; his cook stayed eight years, his housekeeper seven years, and his chauffeur five years. In Britain, Granger was popular with technicians and with lesser actors. Often he took up their grievances with the authorities; at the time of the film slump, he went out of his way to find them work.

"He has a reputation for being difficult with directors," says Kenneth Green, who was the publicity manager for many of his pictures. "But if he didn't know what he was talking about, he wouldn't be kept on contract."

Granger's seven-year contract at more than £1,200 a week would seem to be a sound proposition for both sides. His first Hollywood film, *King Solomon's Mines,* was highly successful; the second, *Soldiers Three,* lost money; the third, *The Light Touch,* broke even at the box office, and won critical plaudits; *The Wild North* returned the Granger fan-mail to the level it attained after *King Solomon's Mines,* and *Scaramouche* added another twenty per cent. An independent box office survey also calculated that *Scaramouche* had done 148 per cent of normal business in twenty major American cities.

His most recent release in Britain, *The Prisoner of Zenda,* was widely praised by the

From a ringside seat, Granger explains a big fight to Jean Simmons. During the war, he was the heavyweight champion of his regiment, The Black Watch

The Prisoner Of Zenda put Granger ahead of James Mason. Here they get some fencing tips for the film

critics; the fact that Granger plays the hero while James Mason takes an unsympathetic rôle suggests that Granger has supplanted Mason as the leading British actor in Hollywood.

Apart from occasional character parts, Granger has been most successful as a swashbuckling romantic hero or a tough, boorish, outdoor type, and it is for these rôles that his temperament and physique best fit him. Physically, Granger is huge, and in trials of strength has frequently bested Freddie Mills. "His shoulders are broader than mine," says Mills, "and his legs are like tree trunks. He says that riding makes them strong."

Granger is an expert point-to-point rider. During the war, he was also heavyweight boxing champion of his regiment, The Black Watch, and later sailed a yacht in the Mediterranean. Best of all, however, he likes hunting and game fishing—pheasants and partridges in the Home Counties, marlin in the Gulf of Mexico and big game in Africa.

On the screen, Granger's male toughness has always appealed to women. Unlike the masculinity of some other stars, however, Granger's is not confined to the screen. On one occasion, when a scene was being shot in Africa, his gun misfired and flames spurted into his face. He carried on as though nothing had happened.

Director Was Horrified

Once, in Tunis, when the cameras attracted a crowd of natives who made filming impossible, Granger suggested that he should go to the end of the street and start a fight to draw them off. The director was horrified at the idea of a star jeopardizing his personal safety, but he thought the idea sound; he sent two electricians instead. The ruse succeeded. Granger was left to bellow that he had been made to look foolish.

His ego is commensurate with his physical size. He tries to do everything on as large a scale as possible. A journalist once visited him after he had bought himself an expensive new racing car. "It's the biggest car in the world," he boasted. "The engine is so big, no battery will turn it over. I have to stand it on a hill and let it run down to start it."

Andrew Marton, who directed *The Wild North* and part of *King Solomon's Mines*, recalls an occasion when a wind machine, used to simulate a gale, was turned full on when it should have been silent. Going over to investigate, he found Granger in front of it, his clothes plastered against his body, almost blown over by the force of the wind. He was shouting himself hoarse.

"For a moment I thought he'd gone mad," says Marton. "Then I realized he was trying out his voice against the toughest opposition he could find."

Granger's tremendous presence tends to exaggerate his every mood. He suffers badly from stomach ulcers and sinus trouble, and the elephantine moroseness which these occasionally produce soon won him in Hollywood a reputation as a sourpuss.

Says Just What He Thinks

His admittedly sharp temper gives birth to storms unattainable by lesser men. He also makes a rule of saying exactly what he thinks, irrespective of the consequences. "He's particularly impatient with pointless questions," says Green, "and when he thinks a person is stupid, he tells him so."

Once he allowed a popular newspaper to take photographs of him in a point-to-point. There were seven jumps in all, but only at the fifth did he jump correctly, with his hands drawn up to his chin. Meaning to be helpful, he went out of his way to explain this to the picture editor. When he opened the newspaper next morning, he found that the picture chosen for publication showed him with his arms at full stretch. Anyone else would have let it pass. Granger rang up the picture editor and told him exactly what he thought of him.

It is especially, though not exclusively, on such occasions that Granger gives free rein to his vocabulary of expletives. The presence of a woman in no way restrains him. "I was brought up in Cornwall," he says, "and they're a bit short of adjectives there."

Jean Simmons remarks: "I know they all talk about my husband's colourful language, but what they do not know is that he doesn't mean the things the way they think he does. *I* understand him."

Freddie Mills insists that nobody takes offence at Granger's use of bad language. "People are thrilled to hear it," he says. He and Granger were once driving back to London in an open tourer after boxing a three-round open air exhibition bout in pouring rain. It was still raining when they found themselves in a slowly moving stream of traffic, getting wetter and wetter. Finally, the traffic stopped altogether. That was too much for Granger. He poured out a rich flood of oaths.

"There were two old ladies standing outside their houses by the roadside," says Mills. "At first, they were flabbergasted. Then they saw it was Stewart Granger and started to laugh. Finally, they ran into their houses and brought out pencils and paper for his autograph. He looked a bit disgruntled, but he signed."

More than most stars, Granger is interested in the technical side of film-making, and will go to great lengths to produce the right effect. In *King Solomon's Mines*, he complained bitterly when M-G-M officials told him to use blank cartridges in the hunting sequences. "The diminished recoil will show on the screen," he pointed out, but in vain.

Prolific Source Of Ideas

He had his own way later, however, when he learnt an obscure local dialect to use in talking to natives in the film. "He said he was damned if he would speak a Nairobi dialect two hundred miles north of Nairobi," recalls Marton.

Granger's ideas relate not only to his own performance but to the film as a whole, and directors know him as a prolific source of suggestions. Harold Huth, the producer of several of his early pictures for Gainsborough, says that about sixty-five of every hundred of his suggestions were put into practice.

Unfortunately, Granger tended to remember the thirty-five that were not. "However much this aggressive enthusiasm gets lost among the papers, schedules and cutting-rooms of a film studio," says Huth, "it comes through clearly on the screen. It is what we are selling."

Granger expects from others the same high standards he applies to himself. "He was angry if I made a mistake," says Wendy Adshead, "and furious if I made excuses." Kenneth Green says: "He divides the film world between

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Coronation baby

by ***GEOFF LUCY***

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

A mammoth prize awaited the first baby born. All England was watching Mrs. Salter and Mrs. Coleman

THERE WAS going to be Coronation dancing in the High Street, Coronation sports for the children in the school playground and Coronation fireworks on Rider's Acres at ten o'clock. So far, the members of Isleford Parish Council had been in unanimous agreement.

"And what else?" asked Mrs. Spence-Jones brightly. "What about Coronation mugs? And a television set in the Women's Institute so the old people can see the ceremony?"

Mr. Upjohn, the assistant surveyor of the rural district council, who had been parish clerk for the last twenty-two years, added up a column of figures on the back of his agenda and looked at Mrs. Spence-Jones severely.

"We're spending money like water," he warned. "This is going to cost us a penny rate already. At least a penny rate," he added.

The vicar, who had been waiting for a chance to ask for a grant towards regilding the church clock, decided to keep silent.

"Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman, Colonel Spence-Jones, "perhaps, in view of the serious financial position, we had better be content with what we have already arranged."

"Not even a Coronation mug?" murmured Mrs. Spence-Jones sadly. "Oh, Roland, I *do* think you're being mean."

The colonel cleared his throat and grinned sheepishly, as he always did when his wife said things like that at parish council meetings. Then he turned to Mr. Upjohn and said: "Well, perhaps we could run to a mug or two, eh?"

"It's all or nothing," said George Tritt, the milk roundsman, who took everything literally. "Either all the children get a mug, or none get a mug."

"Perhaps," remarked Mr. Nunn, in the timid manner he always used when he discussed business in his fake, half-timbered antique shop on the main road, "perhaps we could make a present or some little thing or other to any child who happens to be born on the Great Day. A silver spoon, for instance? As it happens, I have some very nice spoons—solid silver, of course—in the shop. I would be prepared to let them go for a very nominal sum—at a great personal sacrifice, in fact—for such a worthy cause."

The parish councillors thought deeply. One by one, they agreed. But Mr. Upjohn, with his official training, was still cautious.

"Er—exactly how many do you suppose we should——"

EVERYBODY immediately looked at Miss Weaver, the gaunt, red-headed switchboard operator at the Isleford telephone exchange, who was acknowledged to know everything that went on in the village.

"Four at the most," she said, with complete assurance. "And only two are due in early June—Mrs. Salter at Farmside, and Mrs. Coleman up at the new council houses."

She hesitated, as if struck by an unpleasant thought. "Then there's . . . oh, never mind." She dismissed the thought, remembering the presence of public and press.

"Any twins?" Mr. Upjohn pursued, anxiously.

"Really, Upjohn, we can't expect Miss Weaver to know——"

"In any case," Mr. Upjohn said, as the solution came to him, "we'll award a silver spoon to the *first* child born within the parish on Coronation Day."

There were murmurs of approval at this statesmanlike solution of the problem. The council was in unanimous agreement, except that Miss Weaver, looking worried, was counting her fingers below the council table, thinking of a certain unconventional young woman out at the Country Club, and wondering how to word a polite, council chamber amendment excluding unmarried mothers from the award.

She was still wondering when the subject was settled and disposed of and the council turned to other matters.

The sole representative of the press, young Humphrey Stafford, the cub reporter of the *Langton and Hatching Weekly Advertiser*, slipped out to the Horse and Hound to telephone his report. The paper was going to

Mrs. Salter, wearing her Sunday frock, smiled

Miss Weaver looked up. "I've already told your news editor," she announced calmly. Jane stared at her, speechless

odestly into the camera. As the photographer was about to press the button, she asked: "Will there be a double draining board in the new house?"

press that night. He dictated his message with his hat on the back of his head and a pint of bitter in front of him, and then went home to practise his shorthand.

In the *Advertiser* office, young Stafford's report was put on the desk in front of the chief reporter. He glanced over it quickly and threw it across the desk to the sub-editor.

"Cut it to ten lines and shove it in 'News From The Villages,'" he said. "There's a bit of Coronation stuff in it. Phone that up to the *Gazette*."

The sub-editor rapidly reduced Stafford's flowery report to a few lines, pulled the telephone towards him and dictated them to the *Daily Gazette*, the London newspaper which his office served as local correspondents.

GUY BOULT, the plump, excitable and perpetually worried night news editor of the *Daily Gazette*—"the brightest newspaper in the world"—was thinking hard as he sat at his black and chromium desk. On a scrap of paper he had written: "New Angle on Coronation." He had underlined the word "new" three times. The rest of the paper was filled with geometrical doodles.

Groaning slightly, partly because of his duodenal ulcers and partly through habit, he screwed up the piece of paper and picked up the batch of messages flung on his desk by a yawning boy.

The first message bore only three lines of typescript: *"Isleford Parish Council agreed tonight to present a silver spoon to the first baby born within the parish on Coronation Day."*

The idea came to him in a flash. He pulled his typewriter towards him and, with two fat forefingers, began to type heavily.

Next morning the *Gazette* had a special announcement in column one on the front page. Inside a fancy border of spoons, and storks carrying babies, it stated that the *Daily Gazette* was to adopt the silver spoon baby of Isleford —"England's most typical village." As soon as the baby was born, it said, the *Gazette* would provide a complete layette and a luxurious pram. A new detached house would be built for the parents; it would be designed by one of Britain's best architects, and it would include a lavishly equipped nursery—and a sandpit in the garden.

The *Gazette* would pay for the child's education at "one of Britain's most famous public schools," and an endowment policy would be bought to provide a lump sum of £5,000 for the child when it became twenty-one. The announcement ended with the words: "Watch this space every day for more news of the *Daily Gazette's* Silver Spoon Coronation Baby!"

BY ten o'clock that morning, Isleford was waking up to the news. "I don't believe a word of it," said Mr. Upjohn when he read it in his copy of the *Gazette*. "Why should they choose Isleford?"

"What nonsense!" said the vicar when the milkman told him about it. "Isleford, of all places!"

"Just a newspaper stunt," said the colonel to his wife. "They'll have forgotten all about it by tomorrow. Any more toast, dear?"

Most of the villagers agreed with the colonel's judgment, until, later in the day, an astonishingly glamorous young woman, all upswept-hair and beaver lamb, stepped out of a large chauffeur-driven car and went into the Horse and Hound. There, between mouthfuls of pink gin and ham sandwich, she started asking expert questions about the prospective Coronation mothers.

Within minutes—for even Isleford's three

12 noon. The race was on. Jane said in her war correspondent voice: "I'd better phone London"

After midnight. Guy Boult, of the *Gazette*, was limp. "Can't they do *something*?" he pleaded

Just before 2 a.m. Miss Weaver listened, appalled. This was one story that the papers mustn't get

total abstainers developed a sudden thirst—all the village knew that Jane Vaughan, star girl reporter of the *Daily Gazette* was, as George Tritt put it, "getting cracking."

An hour later, she was joined by a poker-faced man with a tobacco-stained moustache, carrying two black boxes from his shoulder; he was one of the *Gazette's* photographers.

Jane stepped neatly into his little red sports car and they roared off to Farmside, where Mrs. Salter was boiling swill for the pigs. Tremulously excited, she ran upstairs to do her hair and put on her Sunday frock (a little tight now, but that wouldn't show, Jane assured her). She smiled modestly into the lens as the photographer focused his camera, and spoiled the first picture by asking, just as he pressed the button, if the new house would have a double draining board in the kitchen.

Mrs. Coleman, at the new council houses, was more interested in the public school education. "It must be Eton," she kept saying as the flash-bulbs popped.

Next day, the *Gazette* printed Jane Vaughan's emotional version of her interviews with Mrs. Salter and Mrs. Coleman—"two of Britain's typical mothers-to-be." Two photographs illustrated the story. One, which could just be recognized as Mrs. Coleman, bore the caption: *"Mrs. Salter, twenty-four year old farmer's wife."* The other photograph, which was completely unrecognizable, was described as Mrs. Coleman.

EVERY day, after that, Isleford had something new to contribute. There was an interview with Mr. Nunn of the antique shop, who described hall-marks on silver spoons and warned readers against fake antiques—a subject on which nobody who knew him would dispute his authority.

There was the life story of Shirley Richardson, who had been born in Isleford on Coronation Day in 1937. Shirley's sixteen years had been completely uneventful, but Jane Vaughan's story made them sound so exciting and tempestuous that the vicar began to wish he had not given her the soprano solo in the Whitsun anthem.

Eventually, as Jane began to run short of ideas, even Mr. Salter and Mr. Coleman were interviewed and photographed, alongside an article by the *Gazette's* family doctor on toothache in fathers-to-be.

In no time at all Mr. Nunn's antique shop was doing so well with the American tourists who now paused at Isleford on their way to Stratford-on-Avon that he had to order a fresh load of antiques from the manufacturers.

The people of Isleford, who had originally made fun of the *Gazette's* stunt, began to take it very seriously. Miss Weaver's telephone switchboard was busy all day as people phoned each other to hear the latest news; Miss Weaver herself, strictly against regulations, was always ready to break in on the conversations to deny or confirm rumours.

One day, Lady Gimble descended on the village in her old Daimler and visited Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Salter. She gave them much good advice about clean living and not drinking vinegar, and presented them both with knitted bootees she had bought at a League of Pity bazaar four years ago.

Even the husbands were fêted. Mr. Coleman, who had always been ignored by everybody, discovered that there were men in the village who were flattered to buy him drinks, and who eagerly sought his views on politics and the weather—and the probable date of his first-born's arrival; the Horse and Hound's sweepstake was worth £23 by now.

The attention went to his head, and once, when he arrived home and found that his tea was not ready, he tried to assert himself. His wife had an attack of hysterics that frightened the life out of him. It also scared the midwife and Jane Vaughan; they did not take long, between them, to knock all the remaining spirit out of him, and turn him back into a dutiful husband who would in future be happy to make his own tea—and his own breakfast, too, if his wife felt like a lie-in.

May, usually a quiet, pottering sort of month in Isleford, came to an end on a note of tension and suspense, with all eyes on the competing camps, the two village doctors, Mrs. Phelan, the midwife, and—always to be relied on for a hot tip—Miss Weaver at the telephone exchange.

Miss Weaver woke early on June 1. She had a quick breakfast and went across to relieve the night operator at the exchange.

"You needn't come on tonight, Fred," she said, simply.

"Right, Miss Weaver." The young man knew better than to question this self-imposed marathon. It was obvious by her quiet, determined manner, that whoever won this baby-race, the whole thing depended, to a large extent, on Miss Weaver.

Using her ears and eyes at about noon, Miss Weaver spotted the village taxi moving away from Mrs. Coleman's house. She promptly telephoned the Spence-Jones's house, where a semi-official meeting was being held to discuss last-minute Coronation Day arrangements.

While the colonel was on the phone the meeting went silent. There had not been such a hush between them since the day war broke out.

"It's started," Colonel Spence-Jones said, when he rejoined them.

Mr. Upjohn paled and clenched his fists, wondering if, after all, there was such a thing as simultaneous twins, or even triplets. Jane Vaughan, a special guest at the meetings who wanted to be near the centre of things when the news broke, got up from her chair.

"I'd better phone London," she said, in her war correspondent voice.

Miss Weaver had the line already open, and made no apology for breaking into the reporter's conversation with Guy Boult, the *Gazette* news editor.

"Whosat?" the news editor snapped.

"It's Miss Weaver——"

"Yes, Miss Weaver?" cried Jane. "Anything new?"

"They're neck and neck! Dr. Wilson just phoned Mrs. Phelan. They've both started and there's nothing to choose between them. If all goes well, both babies will arrive early tomorrow — you remember I thought they would——"

"How early?" the editor asked. "I want them here by ten fifteen for the first edition or eleven o'clock latest. If not——"

Miss Weaver switched off.

JANE phoned London twice during the afternoon just to let the office know that things were progressing normally, several times during the evening to report the "Isleford Waits" scene which would be prepared for press while the major event was awaited.

As dusk fell, most of the villagers still dawdled around their garden gates, discussing the odds. Long after ten o'clock, customers were drinking in the Horse and Hound, where everything was being charged to the *Daily Gazette*. Not until midnight was the place cleared, and then the landlord and his family retired, leaving Jane Vaughan and the *Gazette* photographer on watch.

The telephone rang at 12.30. Jane snatched it up. "Yes? Which one is it?"

"It's me," Guy Boult said, distant, sarcastic and exasperated. "The father of the whole idea so far as the *Gazette's* concerned—for Pete's sake give me news, Jane. The first editions have gone already. If something

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Inspector Hockley tracks the twenty million gallon leaks

by RONALD W. CLARK

He's the water system detective, the man who knows what goes on inside the pipes. His clue may be a patch of fresh grass—or the gurgle he hears with his bamboo sounding stick

IN THE EARLY HOURS of a recent morning, William Hockley, a senior foreman inspector of the Metropolitan Water Board, was helping to carry out a valve check in a London street. He and his assistants had inserted the turncock's key, a substantial iron affair, in a hole in the middle of the road.

"We work in the still of the night so that there is less danger from traffic, but it has its perils all the same," says Hockley. "We were huddled round the key when there was a roar, and a large car shot round the corner. We just managed to jump clear, but the key was ruined —and the car wasn't improved."

It is Hockley's job to trace leaks in the 8,500 miles of water mains that criss-cross the 540 square miles covered by the Metropolitan Water Board. The Board supplies 6,500,000 people with 320 million gallons of water a day, some of it from as far away as one hundred miles up the Thames. About twenty million gallons a day are saved by efficient detective work. The clues may be fresh green grass or, in winter, bare patches on snowy ground; but most of the detection is done with the aid of sounding sticks —yard-long hollow bamboos with, at one end, a metal ferrule which is put on the ground above the pipe, and at the other a beech-wood ear-piece. From the sounds he hears, Hockley can tell what is happening in the pipes.

Quick "Strike" Is Needed

"As a thousand gallons may be lost in every hour a leak remains undetected, a quick 'strike' is fairly important," he says. "Some years ago it was believed that a new spring had developed near Mitcham. The local authorities were quite pleased and had a horse trough built above it. Shortly afterwards, we traced and stopped an unsuspected leak. The 'spring' dried up immediately."

London's underground tube train system is useful in helping to trace leaks. Hockley often spends hours searching for water dripping on to the track. When possible, he works while the trains are not running, but if a job is urgent he carries on between trains.

"I don't call it dangerous," he says. "The tunnels are lit up for us, the trains are slowed down, and we've about three feet between the trains and the tunnel into which to squeeze."

More worrying, he says, is the danger of falling. One of his inspectors was tracing a leak into a six foot by four foot sump in a City basement. The inspector examined it from a board he placed across the sump, and then went outside into the sunshine to listen to the pipes under the pavement. When he came back into the basement the bright light outside had temporarily blinded him, and he could not see that someone had removed the board. He stepped forward and pitched into the sump. The inspector spent the next three hours sitting in his damp underclothes while his suit was drying. Another inspector had to climb down into two

Using his sounding stick, Inspector Hockley tests a valve. A thousand gallons of water (cost: 1s. 6d.) may be lost in every hour a leak remains undetected

feet of water in a small underground cellar to tighten a leaking stop-valve. But it came right off at the first touch. A strong jet of water ricocheted off the wall and sent him into the water, knocking the breath out of him. He was rescued by his mate just in time.

Glass roofs that are almost disguised are also a hazard. "One of my colleagues," says Hockley, "was investigating an outside pipe in a City building and stepped on to what he thought was a solid roof. Suddenly, he found himself on glass and went right through.

"Sometimes, though, the jobs are comparatively simple; the customers are awkward. We had a strong complaint from a woman in a Mayfair flat. She said that the water coming out of the tap was green. As soon as I got inside the bathroom I realized what was happening. The colour scheme was all green—floor, ceiling, walls, curtains, bath and basin. So naturally the water appeared to be green, too. But I had to take several glasses of water into other rooms before I could convince her.

"And there was the woman in Kensington who insisted that the workmen had connected the pipes wrongly. She said that gas-flames shot out when she turned on the water tap, and she could get nothing but water from the gas taps. I demonstrated several times that both pipes were perfectly ordinary and efficient, but got out as quickly as I could when she became agitated."

Often, Hockley has to call in the Board's laboratory to help him to trace the source of a leak. By analysing a sample, the experts can tell from which reservoir it comes.

Supplying London with water—at a cost of about one shilling and sixpence per thousand gallons—presents not only the engineers but also the scientists, under Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. W. Mackenzie, Director of Water Examination, with headaches.

"Birmingham and Liverpool draw relatively pure water from the Welsh hills," says Colonel Mackenzie. "Manchester draws hers from the Lakes, and Glasgow uses Loch Katrine. But two-thirds of London's water comes from the Thames and a sixth from the River Lee—and both are polluted. Only a sixth is relatively pure water from wells in the Kent area and the Lee Valley."

"Something English at last, thank goodness"

The Board's activities begin with the collection of water into thirty-nine reservoirs which hold a total of 25,800 million gallons. These are a partial standby against summer droughts. "We need more reservoirs, but cannot find new areas for them," says Colonel Mackenzie.

When he joined the Board in 1939, purification was carried out by putting ammonia and then chlorine into the water. This killed bacteria, but it often left a taste in the water.

All except one of the Board's filtration works now use a system of "super-chlorination," perfected by Colonel Mackenzie. This uses more chlorine than before, but no other chemical. It removes almost all "river water tastes," and, because it is absorbed in the filtering process, there is no chlorine in the tap water.

"The most common cause of badly tasting water today is the practice of running supply pipes close to heating pipes in large blocks of flats," says Colonel Mackenzie. "When the taps are not being used the water gets warmed, from about eight degrees up to twenty or more, and microscopic bacteria develop. They are harmless, but give a musty taste to the water."

The Board's official taster is Stanley Barwick, who for nearly thirty years has been rolling samples of London's water round his mouth at the rate of nearly fifty samples a day.

"I never know why people laugh when I tell them what I do," he says. "After all, water can taste musty, grassy, weedy, earthy or fishy; it can taste of chlorine, or it can taste of geraniums."

If Barwick swallowed all the water he tasted, he would drink about ten gallons a day. "Instead," he says, "I pour it into a tumbler and smell it—that may be a warning if the water is really bad. I sip it, roll it round my mouth and then spit it out."

To measure the strength, Barwick adds pure well water to the sample, tastes the mixture, and goes on adding pure water until he can no longer detect any taste in the mixture. The amount of pure water added provides an index of the taste's strength.

"On this job it's essential to be a non-drinker," he says. "I'm also a non-smoker, and I can tell if anyone I'm talking to has put out a cigarette within the last half-hour."

No onions, no cucumbers and no spices are the rule; no lunch—"only sandwiches, without mustard"—and sometimes an apple before sampling.

The finest water he has tasted is Kentish well water—"the very champagne among waters." But he has come across some samples that are quite the reverse. "There was one that came from a doctor's house. The smell was so bad that I hardly needed to taste it; later, they found three decayed rats in the house water cistern, which had no cover. Incidentally, that is not the Board's business."

Inspector Hockley complains mildly that everyone takes the Water Board's supply for granted. "It is only when something goes wrong that people realize that the Board exists. As when, for instance, the Lea Bridge waterworks were flooded in 1947, and fourteen million gallons of water were delivered by one thousand vehicles to 350,000 people in ten days."

Because supplies are maintained under almost every circumstance, Water Board officials are proud of the answer given to a middle-aged woman as she threw down her cheque for the half-yearly water rate and said: "I don't know why I have to pay for the water that God supplies."

"Madam," replied the man from the Water Board politely, "we are God's agents; we purify and deliver it." THE END

CORONATION BABY

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doesn't happen soon we'll miss the story altogether——"

"All right!" Jane exclaimed. "What can I do except wait?"

"Hurry 'em up," said London. "Surely they can do *something*—this is 1953!"

"Nothing's changed, Guy," Jane informed him. Then, losing patience: "They're doing their best this end, believe me; after all, you only had to have the idea!"

Another voice crackled in: "Doctor Wilson's at the Cottage Hospital, Miss Vaughan," said Miss Weaver. "Mrs. Phelan's already at Farmside. There's no need to worry, Mr. Boult—I'm sure you'll have your baby before you go to press."

Boult was slightly mollified. "Keep this line open whatever happens, anyway," he said.

Miss Weaver promised.

JUST before two o'clock, one of the small lamps on Miss Weaver's switchboard glowed. She pushed the plug into a hole.

"Give me Isleford five-three," said a smooth voice.

Miss Weaver hesitated before she connected the caller. She had an awful premonition which linked up in some way with those vague misgivings at the council meeting. Why should the Country Club be ringing the Horse and Hound at this time of night? She heard Jane's excited voice, and then the caller again.

"Miss Vaughan, this is Dr. Fletcher speaking. I'm delighted to tell you that we've just delivered a baby girl at the Country Club—it was exactly one forty-nine."

"A baby—at the Country Club? I didn't know anything about that one!"

"Well, you do now," Doctor Fletcher said. "It's a fortnight premature and luckily I happened to be staying overnight at the club. Quite dramatic, eh?"

"That's hardly the word," Jane said, thinking of Guy's reaction when he learned they'd been publicising the wrong mothers all this time. "I'll get the news through," she said, "then come over and see the mother. What is her name and——?"

"Molly Rhodes," the doctor said.

"Mrs. Molly Rhodes," Jane repeated slowly.

"*Miss* Molly Rhodes," said the doctor.

There was a long pause on the line while Jane Vaughan summed up this information. "*Mrs.* Molly Rhodes," she said at length. "Yes, yes, I've got that; *Mrs.* Molly Rhodes. I'll be right over." She hung up before the doctor could insist on a correction.

She lifted the receiver again and asked for London. Miss Weaver was in a state of high tension, but *her* mind was working swiftly, too. This is what she had feared all along. The wicked always prospered! And what a reputation the village would have!

"I'm sorry," she said. "All lines to London are engaged——"

"But——"

Miss Weaver cut Jane off by removing a plug, and ignored the frantically winking light. She thought hard for a few seconds, then pushed in another plug. It was some time before the sleepy, irritable voice of Mr. Upjohn came through. The sleepiness soon vanished as Miss Weaver, vigilante, said her piece.

"You might be right, I'm not sure," Mr. Upjohn said. "It's worth trying. I'll ring you back within half an hour."

No sooner was Mr. Upjohn off the line than the Cottage Hospital came through.

"It's a boy!" said the matron, puffing as if she'd been running all night and had just arrived with it. "Born at two fifteen—are we first?"

Miss Weaver, playing for time, ignored the question. "I'll tell Miss Vaughan." Instead of ringing Jane, however, she got straight through to Guy Boult at the *Gazette* office.

"Thank the Lord!" he exclaimed, after taking down details.

Thank *me*, Miss Weaver thought, sagging back and relaxing.

SHE did not rest for long. The exchange door suddenly burst open and in came an outrage of upswept hair and beaver lamb. Jane's ball-point pen jabbed under Miss Weaver's throat like a dagger as she rapped:

"Get me London—or else!"

"I — I'll try," Miss Weaver quavered, getting tied up with plugs and cables. While she was trying, a light flashed at the end of the switchboard. Miss Weaver promptly changed her connection and Mr. Upjohn's voice came panting through.

"Is that London?" Jane demanded.

Miss Weaver was listening intently and beginning to smile. Jane started plucking at the apparatus around the operator's head and finally Miss Weaver told Mr. Upjohn to repeat "all that," and she released the telephone harness to the frenzied reporter.

"What?" Jane said, rudely.

"That baby at the Country Club," Mr. Upjohn said. "It's invalid——"

"How dreadful! Just the same——"

"I mean it doesn't count——"

"What do you expect at that age——"

"It was not born within the parish!" Mr. Upjohn shouted. "The club is right on the parish boundary—all the bedrooms are in the next parish."

It took a few moments for the point to get home. Miss Weaver reclaimed the headphones, smiling.

"Lucky that London line was engaged," said Jane. "We nearly had the wrong baby!"

"Wasn't it lucky?" Miss Weaver said, obliquely. "The Silver Spoon baby, incidentally, is Mrs. Coleman's—a boy, born at two fifteen——"

"Get me London then!" Jane exclaimed. "Hurry! We shall be too late!"

"I've already told your news editor," Miss Weaver said, calmly.

Jane looked thoughtfully at the telephonist, and there was a certain grudging respect in her expression. "Well now! You seem to have the whole thing under control," she said at last.

"I have," Miss Weaver admitted.

Just then, the photographer came in and Jane snapped smartly into action again.

"Cottage Hospital," she said. "We'll miss the morning editions, but——"

"No, we won't," the photographer told her. "I sent a picture of the baby hours ago——"

"It wasn't born then!"

The photographer looked grieved. "Grow up," he yawned. "They all look the same at that age. . . ."

* * *

The *Daily Gazette* was easily the brightest thing on the country's bookstalls on Coronation Day. There was the Isleford Silver Spoon Baby, puckered face and bright eyes—a triumph of journalism. There was a running commentary on the neck-and-neck confinement race. There were pictures of the trophies that would make the Coleman baby, in later years, thank its lucky stars that it was born in Isleford on this glorious June the second.

There was no mention of the special gift that Guy Boult sent to Miss Weaver after Jane had given him the full details. And as for the substantial consolation prize that found its way to the Isleford Country Club—well, no one talked about that. THE END

Happy thought for happy days!

There's a glorious procession
of fruity flavours
in every SPANGLES packet

Handily packed, delicious to eat

SPANGLES are the fruitiest sweet!

Made by MARS

THE MARAS AFFAIR

Continued from page 15

similarly found refuge from the mad crush of screaming women and yelling men.

The great golden curtain was down, but Burton had no recollection of its being lowered. He had had a vague glimpse of people running across the stage, of an astonished Boris peering out across the footlights. Other impressions remained more vivid in his mind. Trovic, the assassin, had turned and raced from the box, following the young man who had helped him. Perhaps they had escaped through the pass-door and out on to the steps of the Opera House. Perhaps they had failed to reach the pass-door. There had been a lot of shooting after the bomb explosion. Now something was happening outside, in the square or beyond. More shooting.

Suddenly the panic was over. Frantic people still pressed towards the exits, but there was no more struggling. Uniformed police were everywhere, shouting orders to control what was left of the crowd. There were casualties on the floor; people had been crushed, knocked down, trampled on. And more casualties from the bomb. One partition of the State box had been blown out and occupants of the next box had been killed or injured. Ambulance men were busy with stretchers.

"We've got to get out of here," Burton said.

ANNA seemed too shaken even to know what he was saying. A sob shook her. "Oh, my God," she said.

He took her arm. "Come on, Anna. Let's go."

"Yes." She clung to his arm.

Crowds swarmed on the portico and down the steps and there were more police with more orders. The shooting was still going on, somewhere near the river. Burton hurried Anna through the press of people and out into the square.

"You were in that box at the interval," Burton said. "Did you know that your friend was helping Trovic?"

In the bright lights from the great façade of the Opera he could see her look of blank surprise. It changed to one of alarm.

"I must go to Babette," she said.

Probably she needed Babette more than Babette needed her. He did not know. He had to get her to some place of safety so that he would be free to find out what was happening. He walked with her towards the stage door.

There had been silence for a moment or two, but now came a more vehement burst of firing from the direction of the river. She clung to his arm, pressing tightly with her fingers.

"Look," he said. "I've got to find out what's happening. When you leave Babette, go straight to the office. If I'm not there, wait for me."

He was thinking that he should have gone at once to the grand tier, but he had been too worried about the girl. Now, pushing through the crowd to the portico again, he encountered Mervan, of *Paris Presse*, and Attridge, another English correspondent.

"They won't let you get near anyone," Attridge warned him. "What's the use, anyway? The censor will clamp down on everything except the official hand-out."

"What have you got hold of?" Burton asked.

"Riecke was killed instantly. Varlein's still alive, but damaged. I don't know how seriously. Halvic and the service chiefs escaped with minor injuries."

"The next box was a shambles." Mervan took up the story. "All killed. Two officials and their wives."

"And a dozen or so minor casualties round about," Attridge added.

"What happened to the assassin?"

"There were two of them. They both got clean away. Nice neat plan, if you ask me. They just vanished."

Of course. The pass-door, the stairway, the exit on the side of the house. Trovic knew all the ins-and-outs of the building, just as Babette did. The pass-door was very convenient, but it had to be opened from the stage side.

Babette?

He pushed the thought away as Settembrini jostled towards them, equipped with camera and flash-bulbs. "Radio House has been taken," he said.

"Taken?" Burton echoed. "What do you mean, taken?"

"The assassination was the signal for a rising, a *coup*." Settembrini was enjoying it to the full. "The army has revolted. The general staff has been seized and executed. The troops are marching on the capital with guns and tanks. Not only Radio House, but the transmitter station and the Post and Telegraph Building have been captured——"

"Let's go!" Attridge interrupted him. Mervan was already dancing down the steps in a state of high excitement.

Outside, the shooting had suddenly stopped again. Everything seemed to have fallen into a dead calm ahead of them. Traffic had ceased, pedestrians padded quietly as if they were on some clandestine mission. Then, suddenly, the calm was broken by the cry of a dozen trumpets. A fanfare blared out from all the loudspeakers on the street corners, and Burton halted to listen.

"This is it," Settembrini remarked. "Authentic. Straight from the horse's mouth."

THE voice came over the air, using simple words in simple phrases. Burton could understand most of it; Settembrini translated the rest.

"I speak to my countrymen," the voice said. "I speak to the humble peasant and to the highest in the land. I have news for you. Tonight a tyrant has gone the way of all tyrants. The hated Riecke, who stood with the oppressors of the people, has been executed by the forces of the true freedom. Those forces are now in control. We call to you who love your land to join with us in stamping out an order that has brought suffering upon you. We bring you liberty. We are in control of——"

The voice was cut off abruptly.

"They are not in control of the switches, anyway," Settembrini commented. "I've got to get busy."

Burton paid no attention. He could think only that the voice was the voice of Pero Trovic, the assassin.

Settembrini waved as he hurried away.

A great crowd had collected in the roadway near Radio House; inoffensive onlookers, curious to know what was going on. They stood motionless till a troop of mounted police arrived and began to force them back. Then they broke and swayed and pushed and shouted. Burton saw one of the horses rear up. A woman screamed. Men leaped at the trooper and tore him from his horse. Then the long sticks were out as the police rode into the mob.

Burton was caught in an eddying movement of the mass and carried back to the end of the street. The wild tumult died.

Suddenly the voice of Trovic again blared out from the loudspeakers, beginning in mid-sentence. ". . . suffering upon you. We bring you liberty. We are in control of the radio system and will broadcast news from moment to moment. The army marches with us to strike off your chains. Rise, rise, rise! The new dawn is yours."

Burton moved on hurriedly. Attridge had beaten him to the Post and Telegraph Building, but it seemed that the news of its capture had been premature. Attridge had tried to slip a cable through and had been referred to the Foreign Press Censorship.

"I'm on my way to see what has happened over there," he said.

Burton joined him. The familiar office was crowded with correspondents. Someone had turned on a radio, and the recorded voice of Trovic was still repeating its call to the people.

A typewritten sheet on the notice-board conveyed the information in German, French and English that no messages for transmission abroad would be accepted till further notice. There was added the information that all departments of the Propaganda Ministry were closed for the night.

Burton started for the office. When he reached it, he found that the janitor was missing. He ran up the stairs, hoping to find Anna. She was not there, and suddenly his anxiety became an agony of misgiving. With the whole town in a ferment, anything might have happened to her.

He saw again the horses ridden into the surging crush of people. She might have been one of the victims left lying in the roadway. Certainly he should have insisted on her going straight home from the Opera House, with or without Babette.

He went to the window and looked out. The lighted tower of Radio House rose behind the dark dome of St. Trophimus. From the street below, the voice of Trovic reached him, muted but articulate. Once more it was cut off in mid-sentence, as if the needle had been lifted from the record, but something more drastic had happened. The lights in the tower had gone out.

Burton paced, but always he returned to the window. Once he raised the bottom sash and listened. There was silence. The whole town seemed dead.

A sound from the outer office made him start. The door was opened and Anna and Babette were there, looking like two distraught ghosts. Burton went to them with a sigh of relief. Babette seemed near exhaustion, shivering, holding on to Anna's arm for support. There were still traces of stage make-up on her face and the marks of tears were plain. All her prettiness was gone; two hours had made her old.

Anna said: "I could not leave her. She wanted to come, to see if there was any news. We are very cold."

"There's heat in my room." He took Babette into his office. Looking after her friend had helped Anna recover. She went briskly to her desk for a match and started a flame under the tea-urn.

"The police held us at the Opera House," she said. "Sesnik was there."

"Did he ask you about your visit to that box?"

"No. I think you are the only one who saw me."

"Who was the young man?"

"A friend. I told you. I didn't know. . . ." She broke off impatiently. "What use can the answers be to these questions? You cannot send this information."

"Did Sesnik find out anything?"

"What could he find out?" She was busy making Babette comfortable in the armchair, borrowing Burton's overcoat to use as a rug. "There was nothing but hysteria at the Opera. What has really happened?"

Burton began to repeat what he had learned, using French for Babette's benefit, but Anna interrupted him.

"Speak English. I will tell her what she needs to know. I wish to spare her."

"Why is she so upset?"

"She is emotional." She said it with clinical detachment. "She has had a very terrible experience."

"Trovic——"

"Please!" She cut in sharply. "It is not necessary for her to hear the name."

BABETTE and Trovic? Looking swiftly back, he saw that he might have reached the conclusion without prompting, but now he checked the inclination to accept it too readily. Anna's concern for Trovic had been apparent more than once.

He said: "You heard the broadcast?"

"Yes. A prepared record. It is no proof that any particular person is at Radio House."

"They hold the place."

"And the power has been cut off. Do they hold anything else?"

He again started to tell her what he knew, and this time she listened without interrupting. Babette sat in the armchair as if she were numb in body and mind. She watched Anna and Burton but there was no understanding in her eyes. Anna brought her tea and forced her to drink it.

"I'll go down and try to find a cab," Burton said. "The thing to do is to get you both home."

"No." Anna stopped him. "I wish her to be with me, and I must be here. I have to know what happens."

"But you can't stay here all night. Babette's in no state. . . ."

"She will soon be asleep. There was something in the tea. It was the only way to help her."

"Yes. I see." And if things got really serious, all you had to do was to put a little more of something in the tea. Your life was in your handbag.

Till Saturday, he reminded himself. Then Anna could be free.

He went to the window. It came to him then that the murder of Riecke would wash out all the remaining events of the anniversary week. There would be no ceremony at Ranawitz on Saturday; no nine o'clock train from the Alexis Station. The police would clamp down on everything. You would need a permit, signed and counter-signed, to cross the road. Unless, of course, the rising succeeded.

The tower of Radio House stood out darkly against a glow of reflected light on the low clouds. He imagined that all the approaches to the building were controlled by troops and police. Beyond the line of mounted police, half way down to the quay, the wide street was

"I *told* you I heard a strange noise downstairs last night!"

empty except for a few official cars. Another line reached across the traffic roundabout by the Alexis Bridge. Crowds stood behind the cordons in front of Radio House, waiting. Other people stood behind lighted windows, waiting.

Anna came to his side. "Listen!" she whispered sharply. "Do you hear?"

He raised the window again. Far away to the north a train whistled. Then he heard another sound, a steady, mechanical clatter. He closed the window. Yesterday's parade would have made him familiar with the sound if he had not heard it before.

They waited side by side at the window and saw a squadron of medium tanks come into view and pass down the street towards Radio House. The army was now ready to deal with things. . . .

Soon after dawn there was a spatter of rifle fire, and the police down at the Alexis Bridge began to push the crowd farther back. A second burst of firing was followed by a long pause. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes. Burton was restive. He wanted to get down into the street, but the police would turn him back, and from the window he could at least see something of what was going on. He could see the crowd scattering, running towards the bridge and along the quays. He could see the police falling back, seeking cover. Next, the rumbling of caterpillar treads reached him, and one of the tanks clattered into position on the street corner and swung its gun on to Radio House.

He knew then that it was all up with the men inside the building. The army had failed them. The guns were pointed at the rebels, not at the government, and it was obvious that an ultimatum had been delivered.

Anna began to sob quietly. She was near the end of her endurance. "The fools!" she said. "The poor, mad fools! Why did they have to do it?"

Another burst of defiant fire broke in on her question. It was the answer to the ultimatum, and the army officer in charge of the operation wasted no time. The tank gun fired, and a cloud of dust flew up in the entrance of the building. The second round smashed the heavy doors ajar. A third flung aside one of the doors and the improvised barricade behind it. There was a moment's silence, then a smoke canister landed in the road near the entrance. It was followed by two or three more, mortared from a tank Burton could not see. There was a stiff breeze, and the smoke screen did not remain thick for very long; but it was enough.

WHILE the tanks began to fire their machine-guns at the windows from which the rebel fire had been coming, soldiers with gasmasks darted into the smoke with tear gas projectors in their hands. Chips of masonry flew from the window embrasures as the tanks put in burst after burst of covering fire. Then the men with gasmasks returned. A gust of wind thinned the smoke sufficiently for Burton to see the entrance again. Suddenly a man ran down the steps from it with his hands to his face. A burst from a machine-pistol got him before he was half way across the road, and he pitched forward and rolled on the cobbles.

Troops, working along from a flank, were ready to assault. They tossed in grenades and, as they exploded, went in after them. After a while, there was silence. Then an army truck moved from the Breclin Quay, followed by an ambulance.

Burton said: "Try the Propaganda Ministry again."

All through the night they had been attempting to telephone one government department or another. Anna was a long time over her latest attempt. She came from the instrument shaking her head.

"We must wait for the radio," she said. "Perhaps something will come through before long."

Burton switched on the set. Babette was still sleeping, sprawled in the chair. Anna looked as if she might collapse at any minute, but it was no use trying to do anything with her.

Suddenly, there was a crackling sound from the radio, which was followed by the familiar tuning signal. Burton and the girl turned together quickly. After a minute, the voice of a regular announcer came over the air, and Anna translated as he spoke.

"This is the National Broadcasting Service. The insurrection is over. The leader, Andreas Nimsky, alias Pero Trovic, was killed while resisting arrest. The full programme of this service will be resumed when repairs have been effected at the transmitting station. The next news broadcast will be at nine hours."

She faltered, and Burton feared that now the collapse would come. "I'm sorry, Anna." He gripped her hand. "I can't tell you how sorry."

She shook her head and began to speak, brokenly, a little incoherently.

"We are not always responsible. It is the way we have lived that is to blame. It is hard for me that this end had to be so pitiful and futile. Trovic was my brother's best friend, and because of that he was my friend. We three worked always together in the days of the Occupation. It is hard for me; it is harder for Babette. She loved him; they were to have been married, but I always feared that she would never be happy with him."

She paused, meeting his gaze. "I must tell you this now because he used you for his purpose. That was his way. He used everybody. He had no love, except for his plans. The war destroyed him. He had not the strength to find his way back. He became a fanatic, and we always feared his madness. The poor old man he murdered was once his friend and leader. Those others, too. And the men who followed him. I begged him that there should be no bloodshed, and he promised me. He promised Babette, too. I helped him when he was in danger. My father gave him shelter, and now I am afraid of the consequences. I do not think he was traced to Tolnitz, but I cannot be sure."

"Anna, dear Anna, don't you see that this life here is impossible for you?"

She shook her head. "More than ever it is necessary for me to stay with my father."

"Then I'll have to get both of you out of the country."

Again she shook her head. "I must go to Tolnitz as soon as you can spare me. Meanwhile, I had better take Babette to her home."

He went out and found them a cab and when he came back he at last got a response from the Propaganda Ministry. Agency flashes had already been sent out to the world. Individual messages would be accepted by the censorship after eleven o'clock.

Burton looked up at the clock that ticked out Eastern Standard time. Before there was any hope of getting a message through the censor, the last edition would have gone to bed. And in any case, London had the news flashes.

There was no hurry, but Burton started on his job without delay. Now that everything had ended happily for the régime, a good deal of latitude would be permitted, and he might spread himself a bit on his eye-witness account of the assassination.

It was a good story, and he had most of it down on paper before Anna returned.

SHE had not been long. "Babette was calm," she said. "I suppose she knew it could have had no other end. But she will mourn terribly."

"Yes. I suppose so." He was remote for the moment, the newspaperman on the job, the protective armour in position. "Stand by for that broadcast, will you? Then you can get in touch with the university. Have them send round a reliable man. Tell them we don't want a police spy."

She stood by and translated while he made notes. When the reliable man came from the university, he turned out to be the one who had previously presented himself on Sesnik's recommendation.

For a moment, Burton's lips tightened. Then he laughed.

"All right," he said. "I'll give you two days' trial. If you get me arrested, you're fired. All you have to do is translate the flimsies as they come in."

"Flimsies, sir?"

"Explain to him, Anna. Then you can get off. Phone me when you return to town. And make it soon, or I'll start looking for you."

She came into the inner room a minute later. "The boy's all right," she told him. "Are you sure you can spare me?"

"Of course. You're quite useless." He got up from his desk. "I don't know what I am going to do without you."

"Then I shall stay."

"I mean at the end of the week, when you've gone for good."

She hesitated, and he saw the trouble in her eyes. Then she turned away wearily.

"You ought to get some sleep," he told her.

"I shall. At Tolnitz."

"Give my greetings to your father. Tell him I'll be coming out to see him. Tell him everything is going to be all right."

"Why do you worry yourself? You have no responsibility for us."

He held out his hand to take hers. He felt the warmth of her hand responding to his clasp. Then she was in his arms, her forehead pressed against his shoulder. She held tightly to him till the telephone rang in the outer office. He kissed her gently and led her to the door.

"I'll take the call," he told her. "You get some rest now. Come back

LIFE WITH FATHER

I WAS having a decorous tea with forty-seven other girls at Cheltenham Ladies' College when a telegram arrived from my father. Telegrams at that time and place had a solemn significance, so no one was prepared for my happy cries. It was Derby Day and my father had backed Captain Cuttle for me at 10 to 1.

More conventional parents might be shocked to learn that I first went to Ascot at the age of twelve, but my father loved racing and took it for granted—rightly—that I loved it, too.

Not that he failed as a disciplinarian. On the contrary, his "cons" were far more rigidly outlined than his "pros," and smoking, drinking and late hours headed the list.

A teetotaller himself, he would drink ginger beer at the parties he gave after his first nights, while guests drank champagne.

He was known for his generosity, and really enjoyed giving expensive presents. He lived expansively, and his racehorses, houses, cars, journeys and entertainments took up even more than the £60,000 a year he was earning at the last.

But he could always be relied on to write himself out of any financial jam. Pressed for arrears of school fees, he wrote one mystery story within a week. His output for 1926 was fourteen novels, not including plays, revue sketches, stories and straight journalism.

He had the gift of sustained concentration. He would sit quite still for hours at a time, shut off from interruption by the simple act of ignoring it. Then he would turn to his dictaphone and tell it the story. In the morning his secretary would make the typescript from the records. He seldom read that, or the proofs, or the book itself when it was published.

Father had no literary pretensions, but I do remember how pleased he was once when I showed him the English grammar we used at school, with a quotation from one of his Boer War dispatches given as an example of the correct use of a tense.

Frequently he would have two or three serials going at the same time, and then he would stick a card with the names of the respective cast of characters into the top of the dictaphone. But his plays he wrote in longhand. I remember the birth of one of his most famous plays. On Friday, he wrote Act I, and brought it down to us from his first-floor study to read; on Saturday, he gave us Act II, and on Sunday evening, Act III. The play was complete to the smallest stage direction.

He was often caricatured in a brocade dressing-gown, smoking through a nine-inch holder. These he designed himself to keep the smoke out of his eyes.

The double windows of his London study were tightly shut to keep out traffic noises and draughts, but any draughts that did penetrate were trapped by the glass screen round his desk, and the mosquito boots he used to work in.

As a father, he was very affectionate, but unpredictable. He loved young children best, and babies most of all. He was wonderful with them, and could always soothe them and stop them crying.

My earliest memories of him are very happy ones. Every winter he took us to Switzerland, and on that wonderful ride up the mountain to Caux, he'd say: "Your wish has come true." Then we'd say: "What wish?" And he'd always answer: "When you leave, you'll wish you could have your holiday all over again, and here it is—just beginning."

As for him, he always worked on those holidays. He really believed that work was the only sure way to happiness.

He died in Hollywood twenty-one years ago. In his last letter to me he told me to work hard, because working was the thing in life that mattered most.

Who are the famous father and daughter? For their names—and the complete photograph—turn to page 31

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this evening and we'll have dinner together. There's a lot I want to say to you."

She smiled tremulously at him as she went.

It was Sesnik on the line. "I would like to take you to lunch today," he said. "Will you, please, wait for me at your office?"

There was something of the imperial edict in it. Burton sat staring at the half-typed sheet in his machine, but he was not thinking of Sesnik. The new man brought in flimsy after flimsy, with translation attached, till there was quite a pile on the desk.

The story was simple enough as he pieced it together from the radio broadcast and the official reports. It was much as he had already figured it out: a story of pitifully inept fanaticism. Destroy the tyrant, broadcast the news, and the whole country would rise! That was the argument and the error.

THE timing had been better than the plan. At the moment the bomb was thrown, both Radio House and the transmitting station on the outskirts of the capital were attacked, and a few minutes later, Trovic and his helper at the Opera joined the party at Radio House. Here, complete control had been established, but at the transmitter things went badly for the rebels. A loyal worker managed to throw a switch and cause a temporary breakdown. Repairs were made, transmission was resumed, and then came a counter-attack by a strong force of militia. It was successful, but not before more damage was done to the transmitter.

Sealed off by the police and with no knowledge of what was happening elsewhere, the party in Radio House waited through the night for the military help that had been promised. But the plans of a certain Colonel Beritic had been betrayed at the last moment. The men and youths in Radio House had nothing to wait for but the end, and they took it with desperate courage when it came.

"*There were no survivors.*" Burton tapped out the words, ripped the sheet from the machine, and took his message to the censor's office.

It was late when he got back to the office, and Sesnik was waiting for him. Sesnik was very spruce in his bulbous way. He wore a black tie in recognition of the national calamity, but there was nothing solemn about him. He beamed. He was happy.

"I see," he said, "that you have taken young Wenzl under your wing after all. I am glad of it. He is a worthy boy. I knew his mother very well. A handsome and courtly woman. The father was no good. A scoundrel, a collaborator, and in the pay of the Americans. He tried to escape. He had reached the last barrier of barbed wire when he trod on a bomb. It is very, very difficult to escape."

"That's what your friend Trovic must have thought," Burton retorted. "It seems that he didn't even try. You must have been rather surprised, the way he turned up last night."

"My dear friend, I am never surprised." The comical mouth looked more comical. "When I make myself a theory, I recognize that there is always an alternative. Sometimes I make three and even four theories, so I am never surprised. . . . Come, let us go to lunch, my dear Burton. I am hungry. I had no breakfast. I will take you to a small place where we can get an excellent *shish kabab* with ladies' fingers."

The *kabab* was really excellent, served sizzling hot on the skewer. Sesnik talked of food and cookery with abandon. He was a trencherman. "One evening you must come to my apartment, and I will cook for you. I lay no claim to the *cordon bleu*, but what I do, I do well. As soon as the successor to Riecke is appointed, I will send you an invitation."

"Who is to be the successor?"

"Who can say? I think you have already had an instruction that there is to be no newspaper speculation."

"Yes, but I'm not asking as a newspaperman."

"Again, I must say I do not know. Perhaps it will be Monsieur Varlein. He is not too badly hurt. A broken jaw and a gashed thigh. He hurled himself down just in time."

"You think Varlein's a good man?"

"It is a matter for the Supreme Council. They will present the candidate to the people and ask for a vote." Sesnik did not care for the conversation, and changed it. He produced a much-used wristwatch with a chromium case and laid it on the table.

"Can you identify that?" he inquired.

Burton could. He said: "It looks like a watch. Cheap Swiss, I suppose."

"It is Sokolny's watch."

"Now you come to mention it, it does seem familiar. But one never takes much notice of another person's watch."

"I do." The moon face wore its most expansive smile. "For instance, my dear Burton, I notice that you have a new brown strap on your watch. When I first met you, it was a black strap. Why have you changed it?"

"Why? The black strap was worn nearly through. I didn't want to lose my watch, so I bought a new strap. But it can't possibly interest you."

"It might interest me if I knew where you bought it."

"Good heavens, Sesnik! Don't tell me I've been patronizing a receiver of stolen property. I bought it in a most respectable shop on the Breclin Quay, close to the Alexis Bridge."

"Ah!" Sesnik sighed deeply and sipped his coffee. "The shop of Emil Dovinye?"

"I think that was the name. What's the mystery?"

"It was in the same shop that we found Sokolny's watch."

"As a matter of fact, Sokolny recommended the watchmaker to me," Burton said slowly.

"So you said. What puzzles me is how Sokolny's watch came into the possession of Dovinye."

"Now don't help me." Burton frowned. "Let me try my hand at deduction. Sokolny took it there."

"No, my dear Burton. It was taken to Dovinye after Sokolny's death. There was blood on the strap."

"Well," said Burton, "it's easy enough to check. Just ask Dovinye when he received the watch from Sokolny."

"Dovinye is dead."

"Dead? He seemed in good health when I bought my strap. It's very sudden, isn't it?"

"Very sudden. Like Sokolny. Like Riecke."

"You're not linking them up?" Burton introduced a note of protest. "You surely don't think . . . ?"

SESNIK cut in. "I'm trying to find out why Sokolny was murdered. He knew Trovic, the assassin. The death of Riecke had been planned."

"I knew Trovic. Does that make me guilty of anything?"

"Anna Maras knew Trovic."

"She knew that he was doing a job for me. If it comes to that, Sokolny's acquaintance with him was much longer."

"Trovic was in the resistance movement during the war. So was Anna."

"What does that prove?"

"Nothing." Sesnik shrugged, making quite an effort of it. "I am trying to trace the history of certain figures in the Resistance. It is difficult, but I shall succeed in the end. I am a patient man, Mr. Burton. Very, very

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"It was worth towing this damned thing two thousand miles to escape the chatter of that saloon bar . . . ."

patient. Where is Anna today, by the way?"

"She was at the office all night, standing by. I sent her home to get some rest." He hesitated, then decided that frankness was the best policy. "To Tolnitz. She was troubled about her father. The family was so friendly with President Riecke."

"Yes." Sesnik nodded. "That presents us with one of the anomalies. Anna would never have done anything to harm the unfortunate Riecke. There was that little unexpected scene at the saluting base. Quite touching. I wonder what Monsieur Varlein thought of it. After what has happened, there is likely to be a purge of undesirable elements. The prospect is quite terrifying. . . . Some more coffee?"

DURING the day, Burton managed to put his fears aside in the press of work. He had made a round of the government offices, talking to the higher-ups, trying to get a line on the likely successor to Riecke. Varlein was the name most often mentioned.

He went to Settembrini to see if he had any pictures of Varlein.

"I suppose Saturday's trip is off?" he said.

"If the Ranawitz ceremony is cancelled, there will be no nine o'clock train," Settembrini answered. "I am not yet giving up hope. Ranawitz is an unbroken tradition. Besides, I am putting out the suggestion, through certain agents, that Ranawitz offers a wonderful opportunity for a memorial service to Riecke. The day of national mourning. Another name added to the honour roll of martyrs. . . ."

Then, at the Ministry of Propaganda, Burton met Attridge coming up the steps. "Heard the news from the Supreme Council?" he inquired. "The meeting to name the new President is fixed for Friday. The funeral baked meats, etcetera." He laughed. "By the way, what's your pretty secretary been up to? Crossing the street in the wrong place?"

Burton felt as if something had hit him. As casually as he could, he said: "What are you talking about?"

"Sorry, if I gave you a shock." Attridge laughed again. "I didn't think you were the jumpy sort. I was only joking, anyway. I was down at the Police Judiciary when they brought her in. I mean, it looked like that. Maybe she was on some errand for you."

"She's with her father at Tolnitz. You must be mistaken."

Attridge shrugged. "Maybe. It looked like her, anyway."

"What time was it?"

"About half past three. I had just come. . . ." He stared at Burton, leaving the sentence unfinished. "That reminds me. There's talk that your man Sokolny bumped himself off the other night. There's also talk that this fellow Trovic did jobs for you."

"Maybe there's talk that I was asking where I could buy a bomb?"

"That's it, but old Gregor thought that was just one of your wisecracks. Wait a minute. Don't be in such a hurry. I want to know. . . ."

Burton was out of earshot. It was six when he entered the Police Judiciary building. He asked to see Sesnik and was told that the Commissioner had left the building and would not be available till tomorrow.

He became noisily insistent and they sent for an interpreter. He made more noise, and they produced Sesnik's secretary, a pale young man with large spectacles.

"Where is Anna Maras?" he demanded. "What have you done with her?"

"Who is Anna Maras?" inquired the secretary politely.

"He knows damn well who she is," Burton shouted at the interpreter. "She was brought in here at three thirty. If Sesnik isn't responsible, who is?"

The pale secretary shrugged his shoulders and began to walk away. Burton grabbed him and swung him round roughly. In a split second, four pairs of hands were laid on Burton.

"You will please wait," the interpreter advised him gently. "The results of instantaneous inquiries will be promulgated."

Burton closed his eyes tightly for a moment. Nothing was to be gained by making a fool of himself.

The interpreter followed the secretary. After ten minutes he returned. It was quite true, he said, that the young lady had visited the Judiciary. She had been invited to do so by Deputy-Commissioner Grote, who was assisting Commissioner Sesnik in certain inquiries. The young lady had left the building at four seventeen.

"You mean she was released?"

"Released?" The interpreter was puzzled. "I do not comprehend. To be released, you have, firstly, to be arrested. Miss Maras did not come here to be a prisoner."

"Where is she now?"

"That is not our business. Perhaps she is where it gives her pleasure to be. This is a free country."

HE found a cab and went to Anna's lodging. Yes, she had been home during the morning, had changed her clothes and gone out again.

His next call was on Babette. If Anna had been released after questioning, she might have had occasion to talk to her friend, but the dancer shook her head. Anna had not been back.

On the way down the stairs, Burton had the idea that he was wasting time. She might be waiting for him at the office. He ordered his driver to take him there, but there was no Anna at

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the end of the journey; not even a telephone message.

He forced himself to deal with the news that had come in, but all the time he worried about Anna, and when, at last, he had got through all the urgent material, he sent Wenzl home, locked the office, and went out to find a cab.

"Tolnitz," he said.

When he arrived, he told the driver to wait. He pushed at the broken gate and walked up the overgrown path. Once more he saw the flat-walled house across the ruined garden, but dimly, tonight, in the pale light of the stars. The place was in darkness.

The bell rang loudly when he pressed the button at the side of the door. He waited, then rang again. No sound came from behind the door.

Burton rang the bell a third time and waited. No one came. He took hold of the handle and turned it. The door opened. From the threshold he called loudly.

"Doctor Maras!"

He advanced into the hall and repeated the call, but no response came from the dark house. He flicked on his lighter and held it up in front of him. The door of the study, the only room he had entered on his previous visit, was closed.

Once more he called. "Doctor Maras! Professor!" The wick of the lighter burned low for lack of fuel. He rapped on the study door and opened it.

Perhaps the old man was asleep in his chair. Burton found the light-switch and the study came up out of darkness: the worn red carpet, the great desk, the books in the dark cases.

He crossed to the stove and found that it was cold. And there was another change. The desk that had been a litter of books and papers had been tidied.

Back in the hall, he shouted the name again. It was no use. There was no one to hear.

He switched on more lights. He opened doors and looked in the rooms on the ground floor; musty, unused rooms, with curtains drawn behind closed shutters.

Now he was convinced that the police had come here and taken Anton Maras away; that they were holding both Anna and her father in the cells of the Judiciary building. They had gone through the old man's papers, had found some incriminating letters, a message in the hand of Trovic, perhaps.

BURTON hesitated in the cold hall. He stared at the front door. Why had it been left open? It was not like the police to be so careless. Perhaps it was a trap. But for whom?

He switched off the lights, and went cautiously up the stairs, listening after every few steps. If he walked into an ambush, he had a legitimate excuse for being in the house, and Sesnik, whatever his suspicions, would be able to do nothing about it.

He called the name of Maras again so that there could be no doubt about the open nature of his visit. Then, as he reached the landing, he halted abruptly, peering forward. A light showed dimly under a closed door.

Silently, he moved to the door and listened. No sound. The light at his feet was unsteady. He opened the door a fraction of an inch and listened again. He widened the opening and looked in.

The light came from four candles in silver sticks placed on chairs, one at each corner of a narrow bed. The flames flickered a little in the draught, throwing shadows on the ceiling and light on the wax-grey face of Anton Maras, who lay rigid under a white coverlet.

Burton stepped forward and lifted one of the candlesticks. Maras was dead.

A sound from below made his heart jolt wildly. The front door was opened and closed again. He moved to the landing as a light was switched on in the hall. He waited tensely, straining to listen.

Someone was coming up the stairs.

To be concluded next week

HIS EXCELLENCY'S WIFE

Continued from page 11

criminals who would joyfully pay for the washing of my corpse. He shrugged and left the building.

His headquarters was nearby, on Rashid Street, and he walked back. This was the old Turkish quarter, and the overhanging balconies almost met overhead. There were alleyways between the houses—gutters for the monsoon rains—and from one of them ran a man with a dark, blank face who pointed a gun.

The inspector did not reach to his shoulder holster—there was no time. Nevertheless, the man with the blank face suddenly jack-knifed, coughed and fell, his gun unfired.

Chafik said, without turning his head: "Abdullah, was it necessary to submit this individual to final judgment?"

A big man in khaki uniform stepped from a doorway behind him. His face was carved from mahogany and was almost wholly lacking in expression. "Yes, sir," the police sergeant said. "The individual pointed a dangerous weapon at you. I was angered."

"But now we cannot question him," Chafik complained. He turned the corpse over with his foot. "I do not know this one," he announced.

"No, sir. Possibly an imported gunman. I do regret killing him; it is true a man can be encouraged to talk." Sergeant Abdullah extracted the spent cartridge and slid a live one into the chamber. "I will be more careful next time," he said casually.

IN the next week, Chafik was particularly interested in former members of the Golden Square, an illegal quasi-military organization. Finally, he went to Colonel Rassam with his memorized dossiers and a plan to make certain surprise raids.

Rassam approved. "List the raids you plan," he said, "and I will inform the minister."

His Excellency approved, too, and Chafik made his first move the next night, surrounding a house where a paid agent had told him he would find certain important documents belonging to the conspirators.

To keep the raid as secret as possible, Chafik did not brief his men until the last moment.

His men entered the house, took people from their beds in night clothes, and were disappointed because all were registered as residents. They knew exactly where to look for the documents, went straight to the supposed hiding places, and were again disappointed: nothing was incriminating.

Three days later the inspector struck again, this time at the Taurus Express. He had information that an exiled leader of the Golden Square would attempt to enter the country on that train.

They found the personal baggage of the wanted man, but he had been warned of the trap and had left the train and fled back across the frontier.

Chafik tried twice more; each time he failed, and he sulked in his office. There was a message from the minister, expressing disapproval, and the inspector remembered the half-promised order and thought: Now it is reduced to the third class. He chewed his nails.

"They even knew His Excellency wanted to see me before I did," he complained. "Surely, too, it was not by chance an assassin lurked when I called on Colonel Rassam."

He was positive that leakage was impossible through his own department, and thus was reminded there was only one step between himself and the minister. He did not like the design his brain was creating.

Chafik took his *sidarah* from a peg and adjusted it to flatter his profile. The day was Saturday, and he went to the race track on Muasker Road. He mingled with the crowd, but his interest was not in horses, only in the grandstand where Baghdad society sat.

He looked up from the dust of the public enclosure at a handsome young man who was with a gay party. It

"I was driving along, not looking where I was going, at well over thirty, when I came out of this side turning, without sounding my horn or slowing down . . ."

was Kadari; and at his side the minister's wife.

He wondered if the minister was human, like other men, and confided secrets to his wife, secrets that a trained interrogator, such as Kadari, would know how to extract.

"Conjecture!" Chafik thundered at himself, but he continued to watch.

All at once he had a strong sensation that he, too, was watched, and he took cover behind the bulky figure of a robed Arab and looked about. There were no familiar faces. Then he noticed the tall, thin man who stood on the platform of the steward's box, with binoculars trained on the grandstand.

Chafik recognized Colonel Rassam.

Rassam lowered his glasses. I am over-suspicious, the inspector thought, and walked away.

Leila, his wife, had just said, "Welcome home, husband!" and had knelt to remove his shoes, when the telephone rang. Faisal, his son, came shouting, "Father, my father, it is Abdullah, and surely there is a murdered one!" The little man went to the phone.

The voice of Sergeant Abdullah intoned: "Item, a corpse——"

"I told you I was not to be bothered with minor items."

"This one is major, sir. Kadari, Mohammed. Found dead in his car on Muasker Road. Shot, sir."

His men were waiting for him at a desolate spot where the dust of the desert was poised in waves like a petrified sea. Kadari's car, a coupé, had plunged off the road and nosed into a dune, which had hidden it from the home-going crowds. The stalled engine was cold. The bullet had come from a rifle, and they had found the place where the sniper had waited.

"Range, seventy yards," Sergeant Abdullah said. "Death immediate."

"Have you found out what time he left the race track?"

"Yes, sir. The police saw him depart before the last race."

A military car lurched through the sand, and the inspector went to meet Colonel Rassam, who brushed him aside without speaking. Rassam's moustache quivered as he saluted his murdered aide. "Well?" he demanded, turning to Chafik.

The inspector briefed him. "A trap," he suggested. "Kadari was enticed away, and——"

"He was not enticed," Rassam said. "He left on my orders."

"Eh?"

"You watched him with the minister's wife as I watched him. I, too, have had reports, and——" The colonel's face darkened. "Such a public exhibition might have reflected upon my department," he said harshly. "I telephoned the grandstand and told him to leave before the last race and go to my office. I intended to reprimand him."

"When did you make the call?"

"Following the fourth race."

"There are eight races," Chafik said in a hollow voice. "Kadari gets the call after the fourth and leaves after the seventh. Three races, and each one with preliminaries, takes roughly half an hour. That adds up to one and a half hours—time to arrange an ambush."

He heard himself and was embarrassed, and when he saw Rassam staring, he smiled nervously. "I mean," he said, "that a steward's box is a crowded place. People come and go. So many could have overheard what you said to Kadari—and set the ambush."

The colonel looked at him for a long minute; then he turned, saluted his dead again, and went away.

"My tongue gets looser every day." Inspector Chafik confessed to Sergeant Abdullah.

The minister's wife was stricken, and the minister was angry. Chafik fingered his lapel, thinking: now not even the Rafidain of the third class. There were many trails, no real clues. He explored patiently and was agreeably surprised when he got a lead.

He relayed the information to the minister in the usual way, through Rassam, and then surrounded a rooming house in the Bab-el-Sheik district, where he was told a man was in hiding.

The man was gone—it was the old story—but they found a rifle fitted with a telescopic sight, and the ballistics experts said it was the weapon. Chafik traced it to the armoury at Hinadi Camp. There, the trail ended.

The inspector's mail the next morning included a small package addressed for personal attention. He pushed it with a forefinger and sent it to the laboratory, unopened.

They told him the bomb enclosed was designed to explode on the unknotting of the string. Fortunately, the mechanism was at fault, and nothing would have happened if he had been unwise enough to open the package.

Chafik knew his habits had been studied; he was a man who always untied knots and saved string. He admitted he was frightened. There had been four tries. Each had failed, yet the one try on Kadari had given the young man gravestones for his head and feet.

Sergeant Abdullah came in. "An individual to see you, sir. An informer."

"Kindly open a window and bring him in."

The informer was a thin man with a thin voice, and he made his confidence with mouth close to the inspector's ear.

Chafik paid him, and when he had gone, said to Abdullah: "See that Judas is arrested within decent limits of this building. I lack funds to purchase his loyalty." He added: "Furthermore, the other people might cut his throat."

The information, he was sure, was genuine; it had the right sour taste. The conspirators had an armoury in the town of Falujah, near Baghdad, and the weapons would be used to arm

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malcontents when there was a rising. The inspector thought: This is the greatest discovery yet. Rassam must share the responsibility of the raid. If I fail. . . .

He took his *sidarah*, started from the office, then had another thought and turned back and locked the door.

He sat at his desk and smoked steadily through a long day. Step by step he traced his failures.

Always he came back to the faulty bomb and remembered the other abortive attempts, the thrown knife, the machine-gun, the gunman. He thought of Kadari, how Kadari had been skilfully murdered, how Chafik J. Chafik had survived.

He told the still room: "It is obvious they never really wanted to kill me. They keep me alive for a purpose."

In the morning he called the ministry on the scrambler, asked for the minister, said "Over!" and depressed the button on the base of the instrument.

His Excellency was angered. "You should not call me, not even on the secret telephone! You disappoint me, Chafik. Kadari died and——"

Chafik bowed to the storm and said: "His death will be avenged, sir."

"How?" asked the minister.

"Excellency, when we unmask the conspirators it will be simple to trace the hireling who killed Kadari, and humbly I suggest my latest report will make naked many facts."

"What report?" demanded the minister. "What report, eh?"

"Sir," Chafik said. "I refer, of course, to the report I made yesterday to Colonel Rassam concerning the cache of arms at the town of Falujah."

"Rassam told me nothing!"

Perspiration wilted Chafik's collar, and he loosened his tie. "I do not understand," he said in a bewildered voice. "Possibly the colonel wishes to confirm my information before he transmits it to you. However, I do confess——" The little man stammered.

"Speak up!" said the minister.

"Excellency, I confess I am unhappy about my association with Rassam. That is why I risk your wrath with this telephone call. So many things go wrong when I send you details of my plans through an intermediary. Of course, I am not suggesting——"

"What plans have you made about Falujah and this secret arsenal?"

"Excellency, it is a matter of such importance I am using men from Basra and Mosul, not the Baghdad police. I planned to strike tomorrow."

"Then do so!"

"But, Excellency, Colonel Rassam will be angry. He——"

"Act without Rassam! I will say nothing to him about your call. If you fail, I expect your resignation on my desk."

"Yes, Excellency."

The scrambler made barnyard sounds as the minister hung up.

Falujah was on the Euphrates, the greatest of the rivers of Iraq. The river was crossed by a single-track bridge, always guarded, this time by Chafik's men. He enclosed the rest of the small town with police brought by truck, and no one knew the purpose of the raid until Falujah was surrounded.

They went up the rutted main street and invaded a café where men sprawled on green-painted benches, enjoying the cool of the evening. They broke into ancient vaults and found nothing except splintered crates and a few weapons dropped in confusion.

The tracks of trucks were will-o'-the-wisps in the desert sands. Nobody knew anything.

Chafik produced a sealed envelope and placed it in the sergeant's hand. "Take this to Colonel Rassam," he said. "Swiftly, my Abdullah!"

"Sir?"

"There are knots in your windpipe; you strangle yourself with an unasked question. Be patient, and all will be made clear. I go now to report failure."

In an hour, Chafik was tapping lightly on the open french window of the minister's house. He went in and salaamed to the man who rose in surprise from his great desk.

"I commanded you never to come to me," he said.

"Not unless the matter was as confidential as my prayers to God."

"I remember what I said," answered the minister, impatiently.

"I failed at Falujah. They knew about the raid before I got there. Always the same story."

"There is no excuse for failure!"

"I know! I know!" Chafik was humble, yet eager. He took a document from his pocket and put it on the rosewood mirror of the minister's desk. "A report," he said. "Honour me by reading it, Excellency."

The minister took the official blue folios and read aloud: "Most Secret and Confidential. Report on Colonel Rassam." He raised his head and looked at Chafik and then went on reading. "No!" he said finally. "I cannot believe this! You trace every failure back to the information you gave Rassam to transmit to me? You suggest that he is in league with the conspirators?"

"I thought that," Chafik said softly, "until the last failure."

He snatched the report from the minister's hand and tore it up. "You see," he went on, in the same quiet voice, "the information I gave you over the telephone about the cache of arms at Falujah was between us and us alone. I lied to you, Excellency. Rassam did not transmit the facts to you because I did not give them to him. Only one person could have warned the conspirators — you, Excellency."

Chafik continued: "Rassam is the rock on which the state stands. He is the man you dare not assassinate. The country would rise to seek his murderer. But disgrace him, let the eagle be seen decked in cuckoo feathers, and then——"

"You are quite mad."

"So," Chafik went on, "you looked for a simple policeman and promised him decorations and gave him a free hand, with the proviso that everything he found out, or planned, went to you through the channel of Rassam. You made fake attempts on my life to titillate my ego and to encourage me to suspect Rassam. They were overdone, Excellency, and led me to ask myself *why* I was not to be killed. There was only one answer. You expected me to present the report I have just torn up, and you would have gone to the Cabinet with it and had the man you fear removed. Then you would have been free to complete your plans for the *coup d'état*."

"What madness you talk!" said the minister.

"A foolish man got in your way, one Kadari," continued the inspector. "He was harmless, but your plot to use me to destroy Rassam was endangered because I suspected Kadari instead of suspecting the colonel. So you had him removed."

The minister made a sudden movement, and a small black gun showed in his hand. "I can kill you," he said. "I can say you threatened me after I dismissed you for the Falujah failure. Who would doubt me?"

"Rassam," Chafik told him. "I sent him a full report before I came here."

He looked into the eye of the gun and then at the very little man huddled behind the big desk. He turned his back and walked slowly to the door, half expecting a bullet in his back.

No bullet came. He closed the door, leaned against the wall and tried to light a cigarette; his hand shook too much.

He closed his eyes and prayed.

Behind the door, ambition ended with a revolver shot.

The inspector mopped his face with his handkerchief. He straightened his tie, adjusted his *sidarah*. Then, ignoring the startled servants who came running, he squared his shoulders and went to meet Colonel Rassam, whose car had just roared up the drive.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD GRAPPLES WITH STEWART GRANGER

Continued from page 17

the Oliviers, the Masons and the David Leans on one hand and the fools on the other. For him, there's nothing in between."

He is particularly incensed if a director seems not to know his job. Once he was acting a simple scene in which he had merely to open a door and walk into a room. After three takes, the director asked him to do it again. "Anything wrong?" asked Granger, puzzled.

"No," said the director, "just try it again."

Granger did so. That take also was unsatisfactory. So were the fifth, sixth and seventh attempts. Granger could stand it no longer. "For goodness' sake," he pleaded, "tell me what's wrong or I'll go crazy."

"Well," said the director, "there's *something* wrong, but I'm not quite sure what it is."

He received the full Granger treatment.

The son of a regular army major, Stewart Granger was born James Lablache Stewart on May 6, 1913. His maternal grandfather was an actor with his own touring company, his grandmother was a leading lady of Sir Henry Irving's. After a candid singing master had blasted his parents' hopes for him as a singer, he continued his education at Epsom College with the idea of becoming a nerve specialist. Unfortunately, his father was able to afford for him an education only as a general practitioner. "To be a G.P.," says Granger, "you have to be three-quarters saint—and there was no saint in my make-up whatsoever."

So when he left Epsom he became a film extra and changed his name to Stewart Granger to avoid confusion with the American actor, James Stewart. After a screen test in 1938, he was given parts in the films *So This Is London* and *Convoy*.

Then came the war. Granger enlisted as a private in the Gordon Highlanders, was commissioned into The Black Watch, and in 1942 was invalided out with stomach ulcers. He toured with Ensa and appeared in several plays in the West End. He also took parts in the films *Secret Mission* and *Thursday's Child*. It was *The Man In Grey* that established him as a leading British film actor, and it was followed by such films as *Fanny By Gaslight*, *Caravan*, *The Magic Bow* and *Saraband For Dead Lovers*. Finally, after his performance in *King Solomon's Mines*, M-G-M gave him a contract.

Before he went into films, Granger had met and fallen in love with an actress named Elspeth March. They married and had two children. For years, he had also known casually a young actress called Jean Simmons. "She was just a baby when I first met her—a child actress, about thirteen, I think. Then I didn't see her for years, until we were working together at the same studio. She had grown up—and how she had grown up!"

At the beginning of 1948, photographs of Jean Simmons and Granger together began to appear in the press. One day, J. Arthur Rank called Granger into his office. "What's all this about you and Jean Simmons?" he asked in his blunt Yorkshire tones. "You're a married man, aren't you?"

"No," said Granger, "I'm not." He had been divorced from his wife on April 13, 1948, and, to keep the divorce a secret, they had filed the suit at Windsor as Stewart v. Stewart.

In Hollywood, Granger is reputed to treat his adoring wife very firmly. During their first two years in America, he was extremely busy on film work, but repeated delays in the production of *Androcles And The Lion* condemned Miss Simmons to months of idleness.

Humbly, she asked for a puppy to relieve her loneliness. "I wanted one so badly I cried," she says. "Jimmy wouldn't let me have one until I learned how to run the house."

For Miss Simmons, everything came right a few weeks later, when they were cooking dinner together. "Watch the saucepan doesn't boil over," said Granger. "I'll be back in a jiffy." Says Miss Simmons: "When he came back, he had the cutest little French poodle in his pocket. I cried again—for joy."

Jean Simmons is by no means the only person who finds Granger charming. He has a wide range of personal friends, including Michael Wilding, John Gielgud and Freddie Mills.

Eventually, Granger hopes to leave acting for directing. "He'll make a good director," says one old friend, "but heaven help those who work for him."

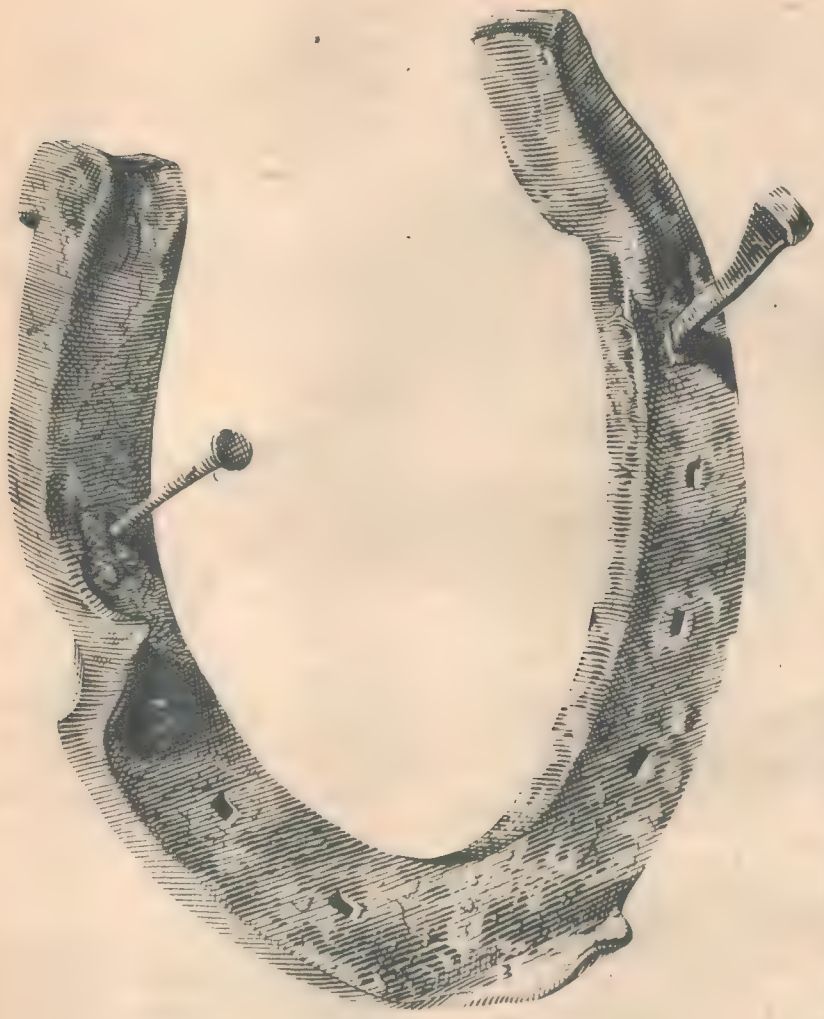
Meanwhile, his contract with M-G-M still has five years to run—a fact which was recently brought to his notice with an official suggestion that he should dye his greying hair. Granger has always insisted on looking his age, wrinkles and greying hair included. The suggestion, therefore, was something of a challenge.

After much thought, he decided to bow to authority and dye his hair. "But the sideboards," he said, "will remain grey."

THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 25—Edgar Wallace, with his daughter Pat.



'Which way up would you hang it then?' said the landlord, who liked to have everything right.

'Points down,' said the First Traveller. 'Your way up, they say, a warlock could sit in it.'

'But, the other way up, the luck runs out,' protested the landlord.

'In my part of the country,' put in the Second Traveller, 'you'd both be wrong. We hang them sideways, then the luck stays in and there's no room for evil.'

'Ah well, whatever you do with it, it won't hold good wholesome beer,' said the First Traveller. 'Fill them up landlord, . . . and what's yours?'

'Thanks,' said the landlord, 'I'll have a beer.'

'You know what's good,' said the Second Traveller.

'I know what's best,' said the landlord, smiling. 'Cheers!'

Let's have one at The Local

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GODFREY EVANS PUTS LAUGHTER INTO THE TESTS

Continued from page 13

keeping the light on to read. He seemed surprised that I had bothered to ask. Searchlights wouldn't worry him."

By his showmanship and even his stance, Evans has upset the diehards and one or two former wicket-keepers. More than once, as a young cricketer, he was told that unless he stood flat-footed behind the wicket he would never make a class stumper; but he preferred to play on the balls of his feet—and still does. He claims that this gives him more spring; his leaps and dives are part of his stock-in-trade.

His agility enabled him to catch out Australia's Sidney Barnes at Nottingham in 1948 when all but Evans thought there was no chance. The ball had struck the wicket-keeper on the thigh and rebounded several yards. "Godfrey went into a power-dive, and I thought he was doing it just for the crowd," says an onlooker. "Nobody would have called it a chance. But somehow he got to the ball."

"Boredom Is The Enemy"

Some of his more spectacular catches have been taken in front of the wicket or forty yards away. Evans knows that his tendency to roam meets with considerable disapproval among the cricketing nabobs. "It sometimes gets monotonous just standing there," he explains. "Boredom is the worst enemy. It saps your concentration."

In fact, wicket-keeping is the most active and dangerous job on the field. Evans makes light of the hazards. He is hard to damage and is boyishly vain about the condition of his hands. Most wicket-keepers carry marks of their labours, such as misshapen finger joints, but Evans likes to show off his own hands, saying, "Look! Just like a pianist's." He manicures his nails regularly, keeping them short to avoid bruising of the fingertip bones.

During play, his hands are well protected. Inside his large gloves he wears a pair of chamois inners taped with adhesive plaster round each finger-joint. When playing with a new ball, he admits, he is often hit on the forearm and loses all feeling in his hand for five minutes. Usually, after a day in the field, he has chest bruises, skinned elbows and grazed arms. His nose has twice been broken by balls that have bounced into his face, and a bail once hit him in the eye.

The quickness of the hand and eye which characterizes Evans's play has led several observers to claim that he has supra-normal reactions. He has been known to touch a rising ball with his fingers and then catch it forty yards away. Once, at a reception for the M.C.C. players, a glass was brushed off a table; Evans caught it inches from the ground.

Upset About His Misses

On his offdays, though, he can be butter-fingered. Playing against South Australia, he once dropped Sir Don Bradman when he had scored fifteen, repeated the miss when the Australian reached fifty-eight—and then fumbled a stumping chance. At Headingly, Leeds, in 1948, he lost opportunities to stump Morris, Hassett and Bradman. After that experience, he packed his bags and drove straight home to Bearsted, Kent, arriving at three o'clock next morning. "He said very little for a day or two," says Jean Evans, his wife. "He was upset about those misses."

Godfrey Evans was mostly on the losing side as a boy. Born at Finchley, Middlesex, on August 18, 1920, he grew up in Faversham, Kent, as the youngest member of a large family in a house called Lord's.

The Evanses had an annual match against the local village eleven, and Godfrey was nine when first selected to represent his family. "I was so small," he recalls, "that the fast bowlers took pity on me and tossed me a few easy ones. I hit out. It wasn't long before they were fairly tearing 'em down at me." At Kent College, Canterbury, he was the smallest of his age group, but turned in some big scores as a batsman.

"I longed to play behind the wicket," he says, "but our games master thought that was the place for the less mobile types." In 1937, however, he went for a county trial and soon had an awed audience for his wicket-keeping in the practice nets.

By the following summer he had a place in the second team. He was also an amateur boxer of local repute. Deciding to capitalize his assets, he turned professional and won his first three fights. The last win cost him a broken nose. He had it in plaster when he turned up at the cricket ground, and soon afterwards got an ultimatum—cricket or boxing.

Though his future in cricket seemed anything but bright—Kent already had two world-class wicket-keepers, Ames and Howard Levett—he gave up boxing. Midway through the 1939 season he became first eleven wicket-keeper; Levett had been called up. Evans himself went into the army the following summer, and was picked for an army team against a Royal Air Force side raised by Arthur Gilligan, a former England captain. Evans's work that day so excited Gilligan that he reported on Sergeant Evans to Sir Pelham Warner, then deputy secretary of the M.C.C. The wicket-keeper was on the way up.

House Full Of Trophies

Evans lives with his wife and eight-year-old son Howard in a semi-detached house called The Wickets that is already filling with trophies, such as stumps grabbed at the end of Test matches. He is as quiet at home as he is ebullient on the field.

"He spends most of his time answering letters," says Jean Evans. Evans has a keen business sense, and during the winter months has improved his bank account by giving lectures, making appearances in the sports departments of London stores, and coaching new talent.

This summer, Evans takes his benefit, which friends believe may reach £8,000. With the Tests against Australia also to come, he is likely to be even more in the public eye than he has been in the past. "It won't be his fault if he is not," says one Kent player.

There was an instance of Evans's limelight flair during the Australians' last visit to Britain in 1948. Three days before the Lord's Test match, he asked the firm that makes his wicket-keeping gloves for a new pair with palms of pimpled rubber. The only rubber of that sort in stock was blood red. "All right," said Evans, "use that."

When he took the field he caused a minor sensation among players, umpires, the crowd and, notably, the conservative diehards.

England's wicket-keeper, however, has stuck to those blood-red palms. They have become part and parcel of his star turn. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Lords of all

ARNOLD BENNETT once said we were all "Lords of our noddle." He meant that our brain is servant, not master. We can control it, and it is doubtful if we can really control anything else—a thought we should never forget.

Nothing wrong or bad can enter or leave our brain without our consent. If we discipline our brains, no one will be able to harm us or distress us except ourselves.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Oh, I'd say my secretary was just an average-looking girl. But, here, you judge for yourself—I've got a picture of her somewhere in my wallet, I think. . . ."

UNBROKEN

Continued from page 9

anyone reporting our presence here, and I can't make a noise with the gun. . . . I'll ram the damn' thing. Haddow! Alter course to intercept."

As Haddow crossed to the voice-pipe and ordered the alteration of course, and as I continued to curse and blast the presence of the boat—which had no right to be darkened if a neutral—Churchill grabbed my arm. "I've just remembered something," he said. "That boat looks like a Spanish felucca, doesn't it? When we were at Gibraltar I was told a felucca would be landing some of our chaps somewhere on this part of the coast. It's a wild possibility, but supposing those are the chaps? We can't sink them, can we? Nor can we take a chance."

I leaned over the voice-pipe and ordered a return to our original course towards the bay. But the damage had been done, for as we swung around another squall overtook us and Thirsk's voice came up from the control-room. "Something wrong somewhere, sir. The echo-sounding machine is giving depths which don't check with those of the chart. We're somewhere off course. I'm a bit lost."

"Either that or the echo sounder's gone haywire. Send up a party to take soundings with a hand lead and line from the casing."

Sea Had Tricked Them

Within a matter of seconds, the sounding party appeared and made its way forrard.

"Seven fathoms, sir."

"What! Check it."

"Seven fathoms it is, sir."

I crossed to the voice-pipe. "Thirsk! They report seven fathoms."

"*Seven?*"

"Yes."

"We *are* lost!"

Indeed we were. It was an incredible situation. Despite all our learning, our technical knowledge, charts and machines, the sea had tricked us.

I made a quick decision. "Listen, Churchill, we've twenty-four hours in hand, and the weather's against us, anyway. I'm going to call it off for tonight. Haddow! Alter course away, and we'll stooge around until tomorrow night."

We spent the next day dived some miles south of Nice. At last the sun sank and darkness crept over the water. Fortunately the weather held and the sky was clear when we surfaced.

Three miles from Antibes I stopped the engines and switched to the motors. We slid towards the bay in deep and utter silence. Haddow was with me on the bridge, tin-hatted, a revolver at his side. He surveyed my own helmet and revolver and glanced at the two armed look-outs. "Proper war-like, aren't we?" he whispered.

Slowly we approached the rocks into the open entrance of the bay. To my horror I saw that the entire fore-shore was ablaze with twinkling lights.

"Stop both!" The main motor switches were broken and the propellers stilled. I swung my glasses.

"What is it, sir?" asked Haddow.

"Fishing boats, that's what they are."

"Why the lights?" he asked.

"It's a trick of fishermen the world over. They're using acetylene flares to attract the fish. It's not as bad as it looks." I crossed to the voice-pipe. "My compliments to Captain Churchill and ask him to come to the bridge."

Like A Brock's Benefit

He was with me in no time at all.

"Well, old boy, that's Intelligence, that is," I said. "Take an eyeful. Your blasted bay is littered with fishing boats and the whole place is lit up like a Brock's benefit."

Churchill gazed thoughtfully through my glasses, then turned towards me. He seemed nervous. "Well?"

"Oh, you'll be able to get in all right." I hoped I sounded as casual as I intended.

"Quite," he replied. "However, I want to get out as well as in."

"Ever come across these illuminated boats before?"

"No."

I swallowed and when I spoke I did so with a tremendous effort at calmness. "In that case you'll have to take my word for it that they can't see a damn' thing. They're as blind as bats except for a radius of a yard or so from their flares. In shipping routes these fellows are literally a flaming menace. They can't even see a fully lighted ship approaching them. You'll be able to slip between them in your canoe without being spotted. As you go by there'll be enough light to thread a needle or read a book. But for God's sake trust me and take my word that they'll be too blinded by light to see you."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Absolutely."

A pause. "All right, I'll try it."

"Good show." I relaxed and realized I was sweating like a pig. I must have put all I had into convincing Churchill that I was not sending him to his death. "We'll get the folboats up, shut the hatch, trim down to reduce silhouette and sneak in as per plan."

I was beginning to enjoy myself

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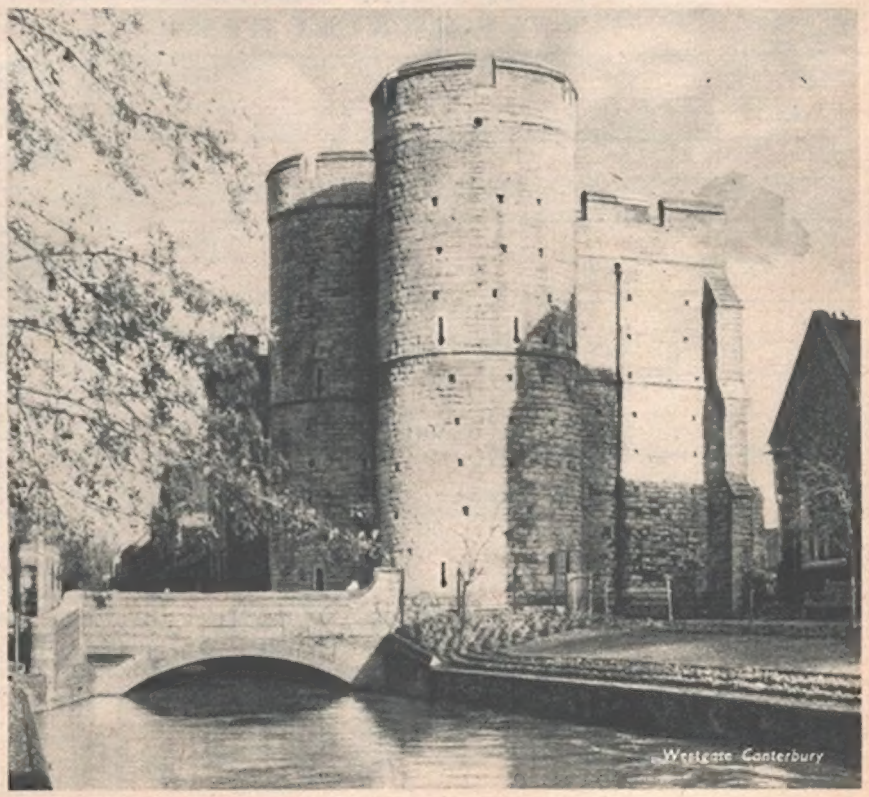

WIN a HOLIDAY in the ALPS—or BY THE SEA!

"I SHALL always remember my trip through alpine passes to the Rhône Glacier," says Mrs. E. I. Dyer ("Little House," Halstead, Essex), one of *seventy-six* readers who have been JOHN BULL's guests in Switzerland. Her holiday accompanied the £500 she won last summer—and *hundreds* more winners have enjoyed glorious seaside holidays.

This week's £1,000 page brings *two* holiday opportunities. Win that £500 for a *Bullet* and with the cheque you receive a £100 Swiss holiday invitation . . . or capture the £100 Crossword First and a £25 seaside holiday is yours. Enjoy an hour on *Bullets* or Crosswords — or *both* — and post your entry by MONDAY, June 1.

Guides took last summer's party to the Rhône Glacier

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£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

50 "Bullets" Season Tickets

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"3 LUXURY MEALS" BONUS

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line —then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Queen Summer
The World Changes And
Enemy Of Freedom
In The Race For Riches
Trade, Not Aid
Calls For Courage
An Amateur
Tired Of It All
Never Stands Still
Off To The Continent
Now We've A Council-house
Dismal Flop
Given Another Chance
Kindness Can Kill, So
Dazzling
Feather In His Cap
Grandpa's Sword
On The Platform
Animal, Vegetable, Or
Viewed With Suspicion

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

If I Had A.....
Opened The.....
Made Everything.....
.....To America
Bad For.....
At The.....Club

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s, if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated June 20, and in JOHN BULL dated June 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 13, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,887 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,887 (or Xword 839), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

MILLIONAIRE'S SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
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B.
EX. ..... 6d.
B.
EX. .....
B. } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

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1,887 Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 1

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 13. 700

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"Bullets" Winners 1,882

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Coronation Visit: A. D. Evans, 33 Osborne Street, Neath, Glam:

A Little Bit Off Here, There—"Streamlining" Britannia.

£50: C. Heath, 3 Knox Road, Cardiff: TOO MANY GROWLERS—*Too Few* "ST. BERNARDS."

£25: Miss E. Sutton, 7 Sherbourne Crescent, Deepdale, Preston: TOO MANY DWELL—ON PINPRICKS—MISS "PINNACLE."

OTHER AWARDS. £10: Mrs. L. Doull, 53 Loganlea Place, Edinburgh: MAGNIFICENTLY UNDERSTATED —"THANKS A LOT, NURSE!" £9: Mrs. D. Dyson, 97 Glebelands Road, Stocksbridge, Nr. Sheffield: TOO MANY RIFTS—*And* SCIENTIFIC "GIFTS" —COINCIDENCE? £8: J. Browne, 934 Kingsway, Manchester: CURSING THE TOOLS — CRAFTSMAN SWEARS *By*, BUNGLER! £7: W. Hanwell, 23 Albert Street, Darlaston: TOO MANY LIES—START "WHITE" — BECOME "ELEPHANTS." £6: Mrs. M. D. Kelly, 24 Halifax Road, Sheffield: SORELY TEMPTED — TO BECOME REPUBLIC, SCILLIES! £5: W. Morgan, 2 Upper Street, Maesteg: SHOCK FOR THE SERGEANT—EXCHANGED FOR COMMUNIST *Corporal*! £5: Mrs. C. Thompson, Wold View, North Frodingham, Yorks: BOB ON A HORSE—SANDY PLACED—FOR SYNDICATE!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Coronation Souvenirs and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been notified.

NEW HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 839

1. A great many of these are not suitable for a drive
7. They who would climb Everest have a lot to
8. Getting this can be very warm work
9. Some may shut up if you jump on them
12. Most likely there's something in it
13. When snow is thick on the ground, birds are particularly grateful for
14. Doctors are concerned with certain kind of these

Down Clues

1. Great many serious composers of music have studied
2. One has particularly good reason for expecting clever one to succeed
3. The widespread introduction of this hasn't proved the boon a great many anticipated
4. One wants a head on
5. An artist won't get one exactly right without lots of practice
6. This isn't always the same side
10. Climbers must sometimes feel chilled by them as they ascend
11. Few youngsters would care much should they lose it

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

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Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 834 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 2, Fag. 5, Mates. 8, Flocks. 10, Part. 11, Fears. 12, Grand. 13, Team. 14, Cove. DOWN: 1, Bark. 3, Bards. 4, Verve or Nerve. 6, Lack. 7, Sets. 9, Par. 10, Post.

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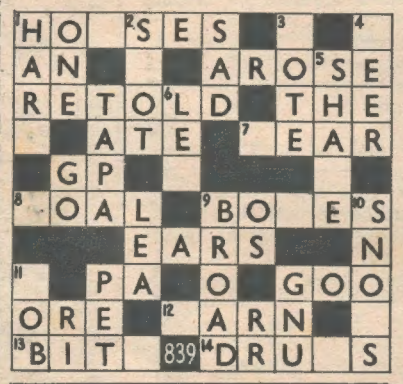


CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **839** Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 1

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

again. "Diving stations," I ordered. "Stand-by gun action!" The ship's company flew to their posts.

"Control-room. Tell the torpedo gunner's mate to let the bridge know when he's ready to open the fore hatch and get the boats up. And ask the navigator to speak on the voice-pipe."

"Navigator speaking."

"Pilot, give me the course to close our position. Come up here and get a land fix first."

Thirsk's tall figure blocked my view of the shore as he took his bearings with methodical precision. Typically, he did not waste time inquiring about the lights blazing off-shore.

Number One's voice floated up the voice-pipe. "All ready forrard, sir."

"Thank you. Man the gun!" The gun's crew rattled up the conning-tower ladder and hustled through to the gun platform.

"Number One. Come up now with the folboat party." As his head rose through the conning tower I ordered: "Open fore hatch. Up folboats."

While the folboats were coaxed through the casings we were as exposed as ever a submarine could be, for it was impossible to dive with the fore hatch open. If surprised, we could do no more than defend ourselves with the gun or try an almost hopeless attack with torpedoes. We were no longer a submarine, in fact, but a cumbersome torpedo boat with her engines stopped. No submariner cares for such moments.

After what seemed an eternity, the report came through: "Fore hatch shut and clipped." Then Paul Thirsk's voice: "Course for position, two-seven-oh. May I start the echo-sounder, sir?"

"Yes, please, but don't transmit on the asdic until I give the word. . . . Group down, slow ahead together. Steer two-seven-oh." Almost imperceptibly we gathered way.

Far Too Peaceful

Soon we were in position and I stopped the motors. After a final look round, the first folboat was launched, and Churchill climbed over the side of the bridge. "Remember," I said, "you can see them, but they can't see you."

He muttered: "Keep an eye on me," sat in the boat and started to paddle silently towards the shore.

So far, so good. Save for the fishermen, the night was still quiet, and as I followed Churchill's progress through my glasses I was struck by the dream-like atmosphere of it all. Surely this was far too peaceful and simple?. There should be a dramatic appearance by the enemy, a pistol-firing chase and a last-minute rescue. . . . My thoughts were cut short by the sight of Churchill paddling furiously back towards the Unbroken.

Apprehensive and a little irritable, I waited until Churchill drew close, then climbed down to the casing to meet him. He was breathless from his exertions.

"What's up?"

"Naval patrols. There are several

The Companion Book Club

ONE of JOHN BULL's most popular real-life adventures is to be published in August by the Companion Book Club. It is *Wingless Victory*, the story of the escape from a German prisoner-of-war column of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, K.C.V., K.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.

Next year the Companion Book Club will publish three more stories which first appeared in JOHN BULL, and which are written by three of today's most popular authors—Agatha Christie, Hammond Innes and James Ramsay Ullman.

The Club has already published *The Scarlet Sword* by H. E. Bates and *The Dam Busters* by Paul Brickhill.

A special announcement by the Companion Book Club, which is sponsored by Odhams Press, appears on page 30.

men in rowing boats. I'm sure they're naval. They hail each other."

"Listen," I said, as evenly as I could manage. "I've come nearly a thousand miles to do this job, and I'm not going to have the thing ruined by a few inoffensive fishermen. That's all they are. They only hail one another to keep station and to let one another know of the catch. Look!" I pointed. "They're moving away slightly from your line of approach. You've a better chance now."

"What will you do if they chase me?"

"I'll come and rescue you."

"Would you use force?"

"They have no right to use force on you. If they try, we'll retaliate. We must smack it about. There's only just enough time to get through before dawn."

I breathed a sigh of relief as he streaked back towards the shore. We saw him pass through a gap between the lights and he was then lost from sight. "Tell our two braves their canoe will be at the door in half an hour's time, and tell the navigator to give them the money-belts locked in the safe."

Dare Not Relax

We waited, restless. The strain was beginning to be felt now, for despite the apparent calm we did not dare to relax. The current had pulled us nearer the rocks that formed the crescent horns of the bay, and the acetylene lamps had thinned out, suggesting that the fishermen were packing up for the night. So long as Churchill did not bump into them. . . . The guns crew fidgeted. Still we waited. I sent Bill and the fourth spy down into the folboat.

"Here he comes," said Haddow. Paddling furiously, Churchill drew alongside. "All's well," he said.

"Your two lads are already in the folboat with their suitcases and money. I'm going to turn Unbroken round while you're ashore, so expect us to be facing seawards. Cheerio."

With a quick wave the two folboats made for shore. This time we would have to wait at least an hour.

"H.E. [hydrophone effect from ship's revolving propellers] bearing green nine-oh!" came a report from Cryer.

"Probably a small diesel boat," I replied. But it might be a patrol. If it was we could only try to bluff them. "Ask Jean to come to the bridge—and quickly."

By this time the starboard look-out had also reported the ship. "Now approaching from starboard beam," he added.

"Haddow! Get the gun on her."

Through my glasses I could see that she was a motor fishing vessel showing no lights. She could be anything: smugglers, a naval craft, or fishermen off for a black-market catch. Her course indicated that she had left Antibes harbour, north of the bay, and was heading for the open sea. She would pass fairly close under our stern. I heard from the casing the whispered reports: "Trainer on . . . gunlayer on . . . gun ready!"

I said to Jean in French: "Hail her and tell her to keep clear of us and the bay. Tell her we're on special patrol."

Jean shouted across the water. His broad Breton accents added an authentic touch, for half the French Navy is recruited in Brittany. It was a knee-shaking moment, and it flashed through my mind that if she did not acknowledge our hail within a very few seconds it would mean she was a naval craft and had not fallen for our bluff. I would have to open fire. But an answering shout quickly echoed across the water, and the trawler altered course away from us.

"Before this night's out one of us is going to have a heart attack," Haddow whispered.

Air Was Sour Below

As the trawler was lost to sight we went astern, turned round, and slid back into the bay stern first. When it was time to leave we could make a quick exit.

More agonized waiting. Below, the air must have been thick and sour, for only those in the control-room were able to appreciate the freshness of the open conning tower hatches. It needed the diesels to be running to suck fresh air through the boat.

"Do you think he's made it, sir?" asked Haddow.

I shrugged. "Who knows?"

It was quiet enough ashore, but that signified nothing. If Churchill had been apprehended, his captors would make no unnecessary sounds to put us on our guard. Instead they would notify Toulon and have fast patrol vessels sent in search of us. *For how long can I leave the Unbroken exposed like this? How much time is Churchill worth, balanced against the boat and its crew?* Questions without answer. I chewed my lip and wished to heaven we were far away to sea.

An Unknown Passenger

Finally Churchill loomed out of the dark, towing the empty folboat behind him. "Snap into it, chum," said Haddow. "Dawn's just around the corner."

Churchill wasted no time, but took the remaining gear aboard his own folboat and was soon on his way back to the shore. While he was away the other folboat was hauled on to the casing and lashed down. Churchill returned within thirty minutes and, as he hove into sight, Taylor called from the casing: "There are *two* men."

For a fearful moment I thought he said: "There's a woman," and envisaged terrible complications. But it was another man, right enough. There was no time to ask questions, however. Churchill's folboat was lashed to the other, the gun was secured, and everyone was sent below except the officer of the watch, the look-outs and myself. We moved out of the bay. As we gained distance from the shore the submarine was brought to full buoyancy. Again the gun was manned, the fore hatch was opened and the folboat disappeared below.

"Fore hatch shut and clipped."

"Clear the casing. Fall out diving stations. Patrol routine."

The operation was over. South of Cap d'Antibes a lighted ship hove in sight. She was moving fast to the north-east and passed about two miles away from us—a Vichy destroyer. She was a little late.

In the wardroom, Churchill introduced me to his "guest"—a French ex-naval officer, Baron d'Astier de la Vigerie, who went by the name of Bernard. He was one of the leading lights of the resistance movement. After we had shaken hands, I told Churchill of the destroyer.

"One of the fishermen must have seen us and reported to the police," said Churchill. "They, no doubt, telephoned Toulon. We were lucky, eh? A few minutes earlier. . . ."

"Well, it was fun while it lasted," I said. "Now I want some sleep. It's nearly light."

Churchill smiled. Then, gravely: "Thank you very much."

"Don't mention it," I replied.

The next afternoon took us to the Bay of Agay, where we were to land the other two agents, Jean and Léon. There was no precise spot where they had to be put ashore, and I chose a small beach sheltered between clusters of rock.

The landing was a simpler duplication of the other. I closed to within 250 yards of the shore, and the two spies paddled away with their wireless sets in one folboat, escorted by Churchill in the other. It was all over in twenty-five minutes.

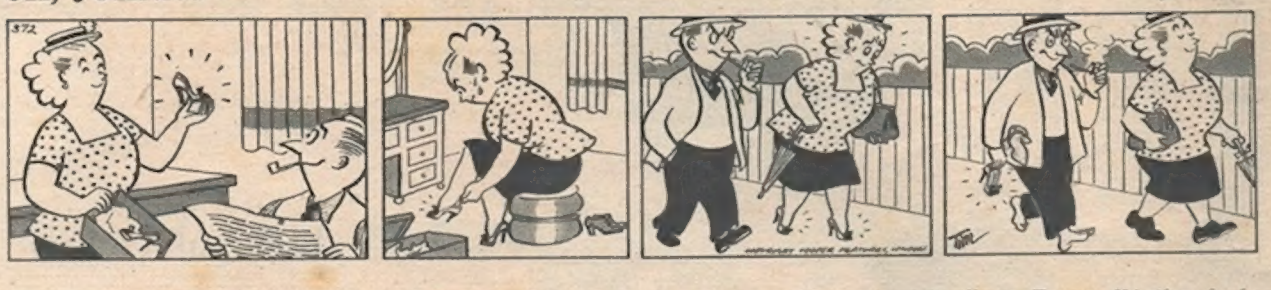
Daggers For Jolly Roger

The game of cops and robbers ended, I had three days left in which to settle down to the business of sinking ships before the fuel and food problem forced us to start back towards Gib. Our intelligence service was rather scrappy about the Gulf of Genoa, where we had been ordered to spend a few days on free-lance operations, so I decided that the best thing to do was to creep to the south of the port and hope something would come out.

I sent for Thirsk and we pored over the charts. Forrard, Leading Telegraphist Johnny Crutch lost no time in sewing two daggers—symbols of two "special" landings — on our otherwise virgin Jolly Roger.

NEXT WEEK: We make our first kill—and almost scuttle ourselves

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



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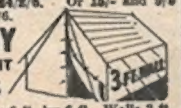

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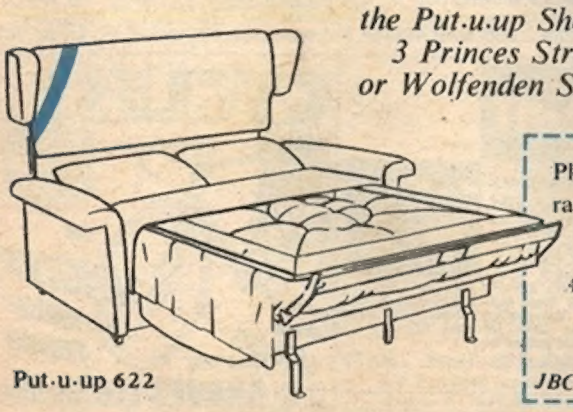

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